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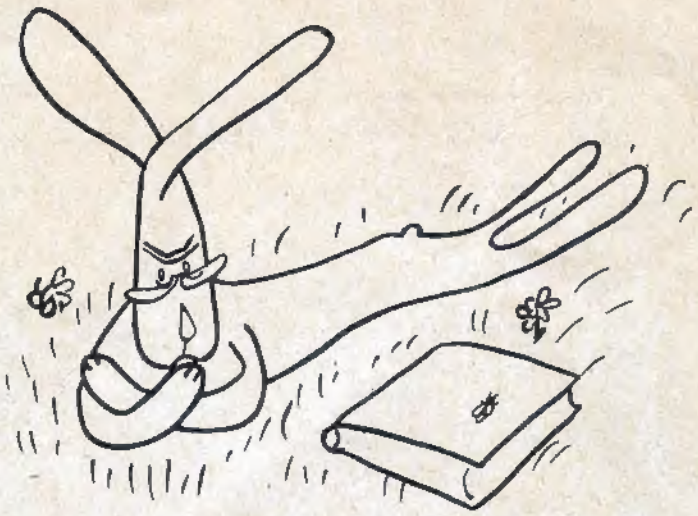
NOVEMBER

A DELL MAGAZINE 10¢

RAGGEDY ANN + ANDY



Dear Readers:

The book we have for you this month is Bemelmans' **ROSEBUD.** We are sorry that in this condensed form we cannot give you the author's drawings as big and lively as they were in the wonderful book which was published by Random House.

We are certain, however, that you all will be thrilled by Ludwig Bemelmans' funny drawings no matter how small we had to reproduce them. We are thankful to the author and publisher for giving us permission to reprint **ROSEBUD** in our magazine. We hope you are, too, and we will see by your letters just how much you liked it. So get your pens or pencils and send us a note.

The Editors

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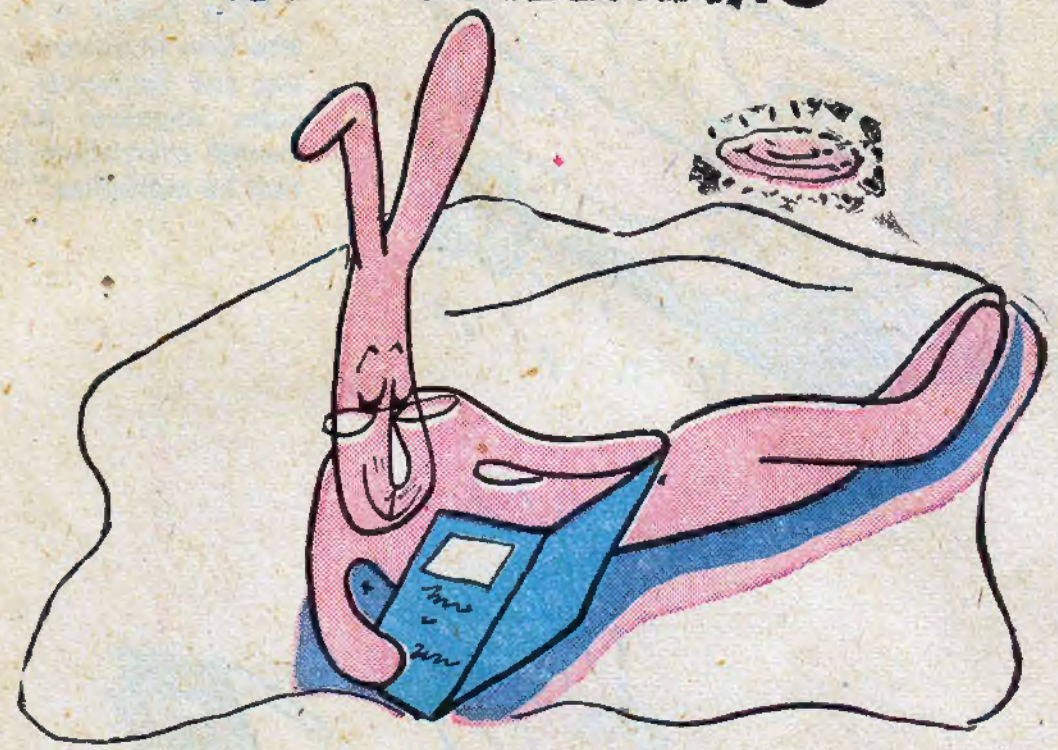
ROSEBUD

BY BEMELMANS



Once upon a time there was a Rabbit by the name of Rosebud, who was very happy until the day he found a book.

"The Lion," said the book, "is the king of animals. He is intelligent, ferocious and brave. The Elephant is known for his great strength, and for his wonderful memory.

"The Camel and the Dromedary carry heavy burdens and go for days without water. The Whale is the largest of mammals.

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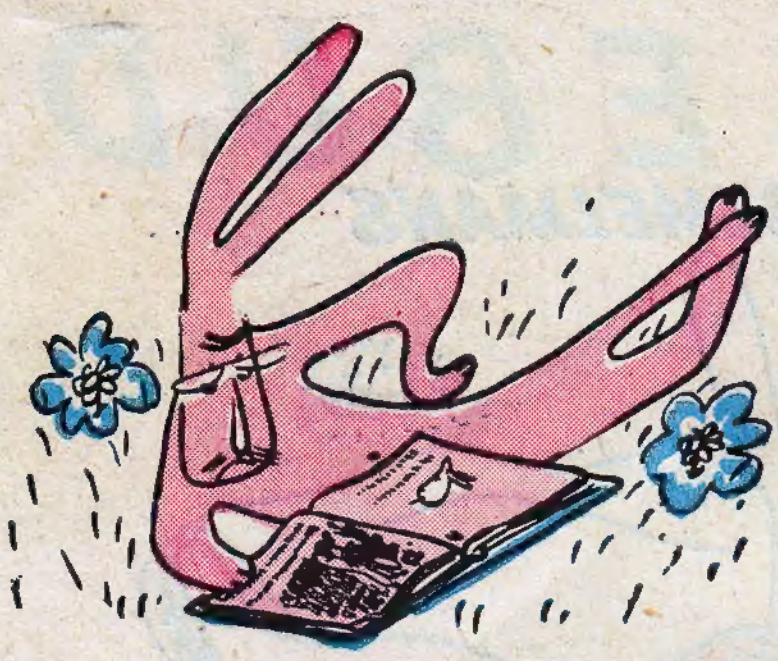
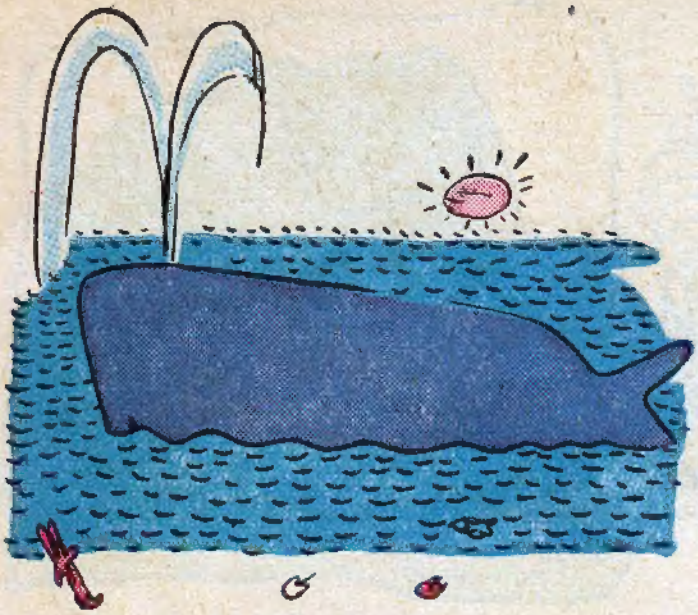
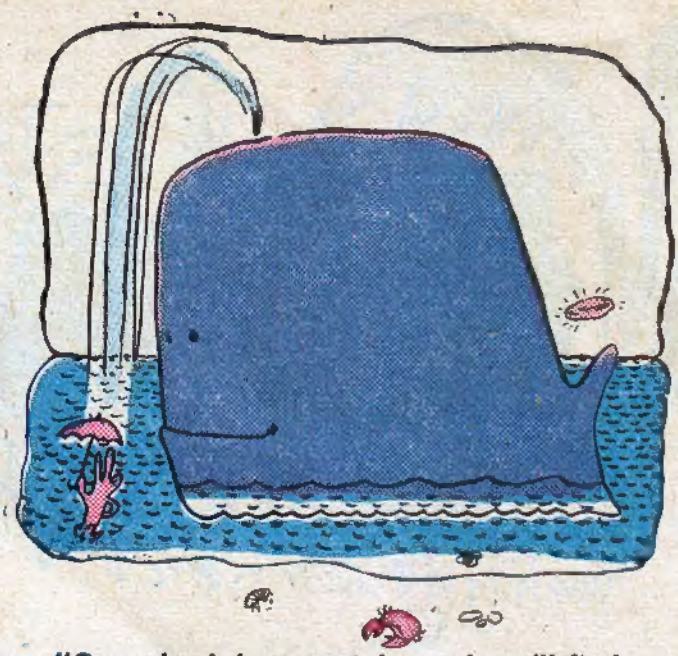


"The Rabbit is a small rodent who lives in burrows. He is scared, shy, and hysterical. He runs and hides whenever he can. He is hunted everywhere, but in spite of that he multiplies."

After Rosebud had read this far, he closed the book with a bang, and he got madder and madder, and then suddenly — he heard a noise. At first he wanted to run, but then he said to himself, I won't, I won't, I won't run — I'm going to see where this noise comes from.

So he hopped down to the sea, and there he saw a Whale. "Heavens!" he exclaimed in first surprise. And then, "Gosh, what an immense animal! What a tremendous creature!" But then he remembered the book, and he went close to the Whale and said —



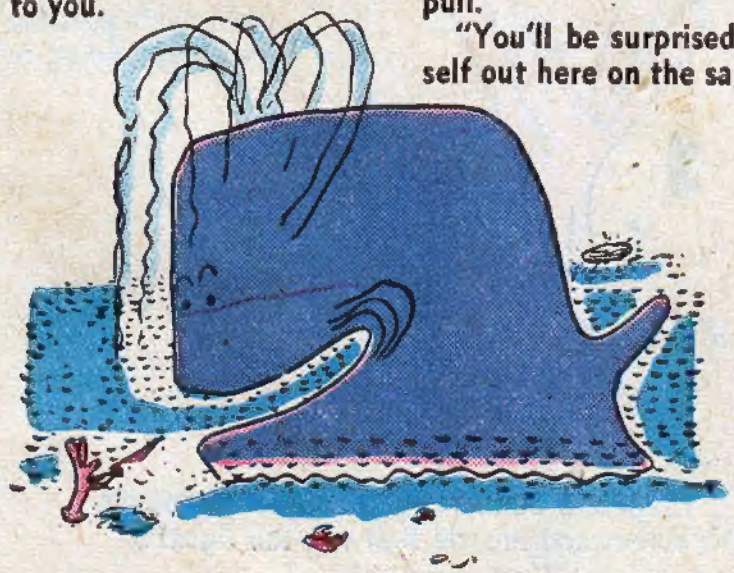


"Bah! Anyone with eyes in his head can see that you are big — but it's all just tons of fat and blubber.

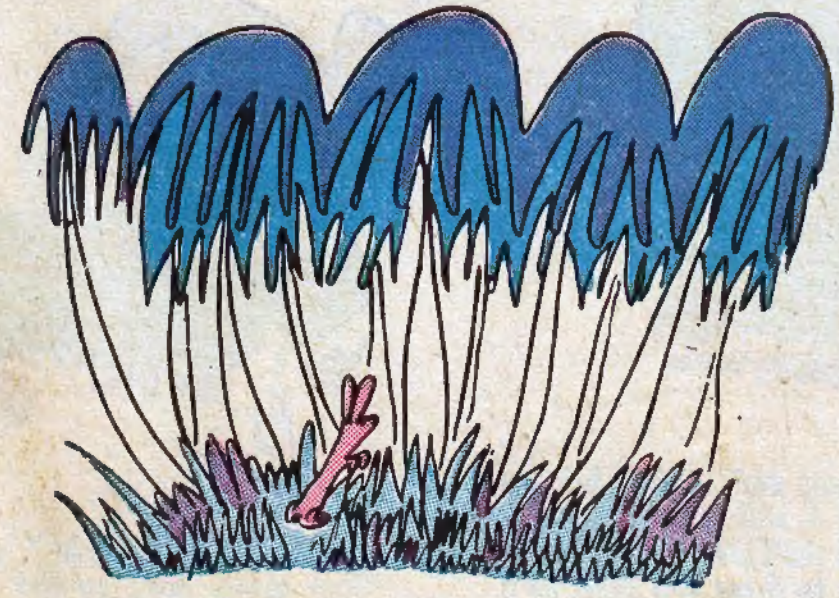
"It isn't size that counts, it's muscle and sinews — I'll prove it to you.

"Come back here tonight, and you'll find me waiting with a stout rope. One end of it is for you to tie around your middle — I'll take the other end and when I count to three we'll both pull.

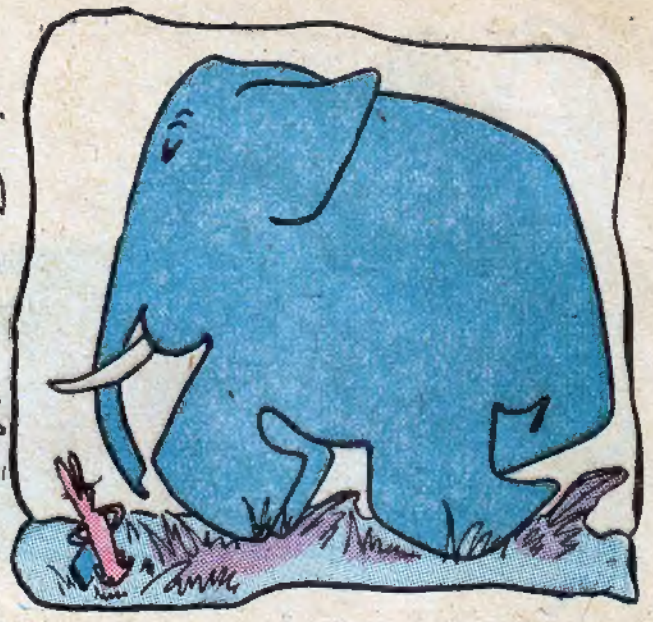
"You'll be surprised — when you find yourself out here on the sand!"



The Whale promised to come back after dark. He laughed so loud that the sea was filled with ripples — and then he swam away.



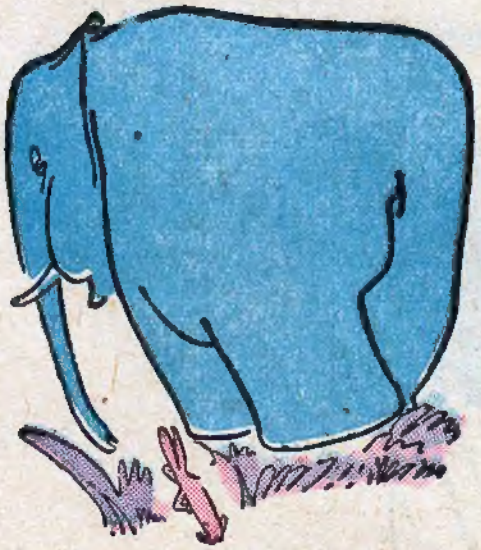
Rosebud went into the Jungle to look for an



ELEPHANT

"Pah! Big head, small tail. When looking at you, Mr. Elephant, one can't fail to observe that people with so much bulk can't possibly be good for anything — except being in the way.

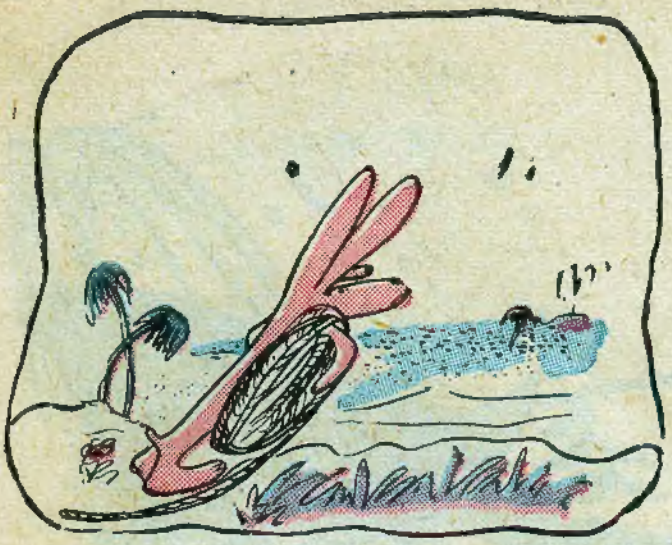
"I suppose you know it isn't size that counts. It's sinews and muscle that win the fight!



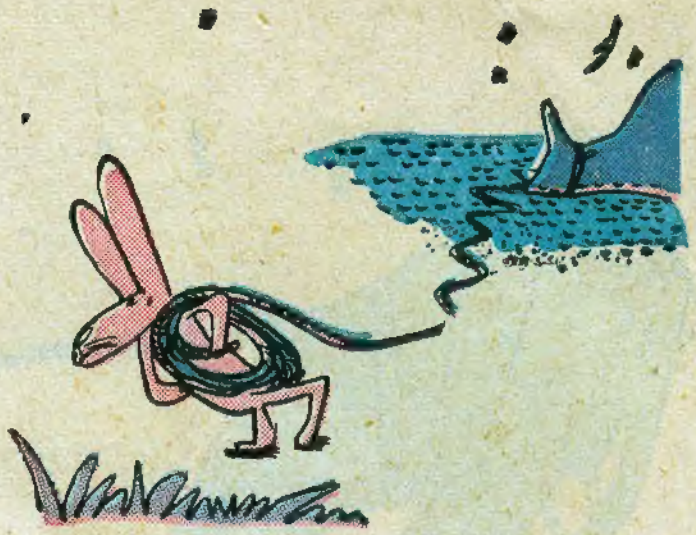
"Tonight, when it gets dark, I shall bring a stout rope. One end I will wind about my middle and the other I shall give to you.

"Next I shall count to three and then we'll each pull and the world will find out which one of us is the stronger."

"All right, all right," said the Elephant. "Run along now, go get your rope. I'll be waiting for you." The big bulk lay down to rest again.

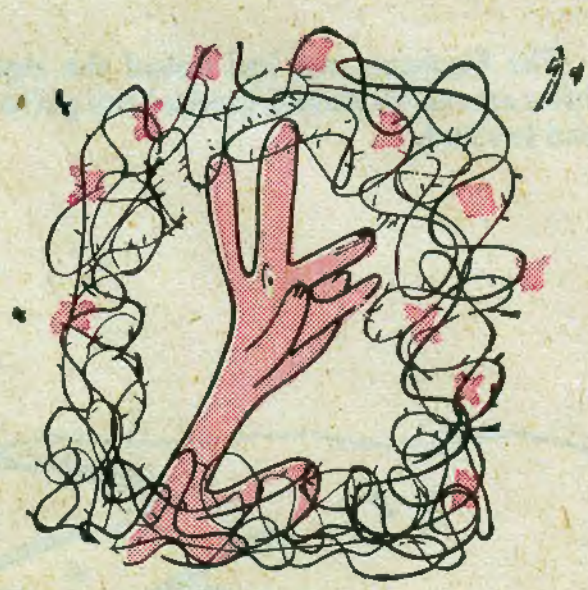


As soon as the moon was in the sky, Rosebud appeared with a long rope. First he ran down to the beach

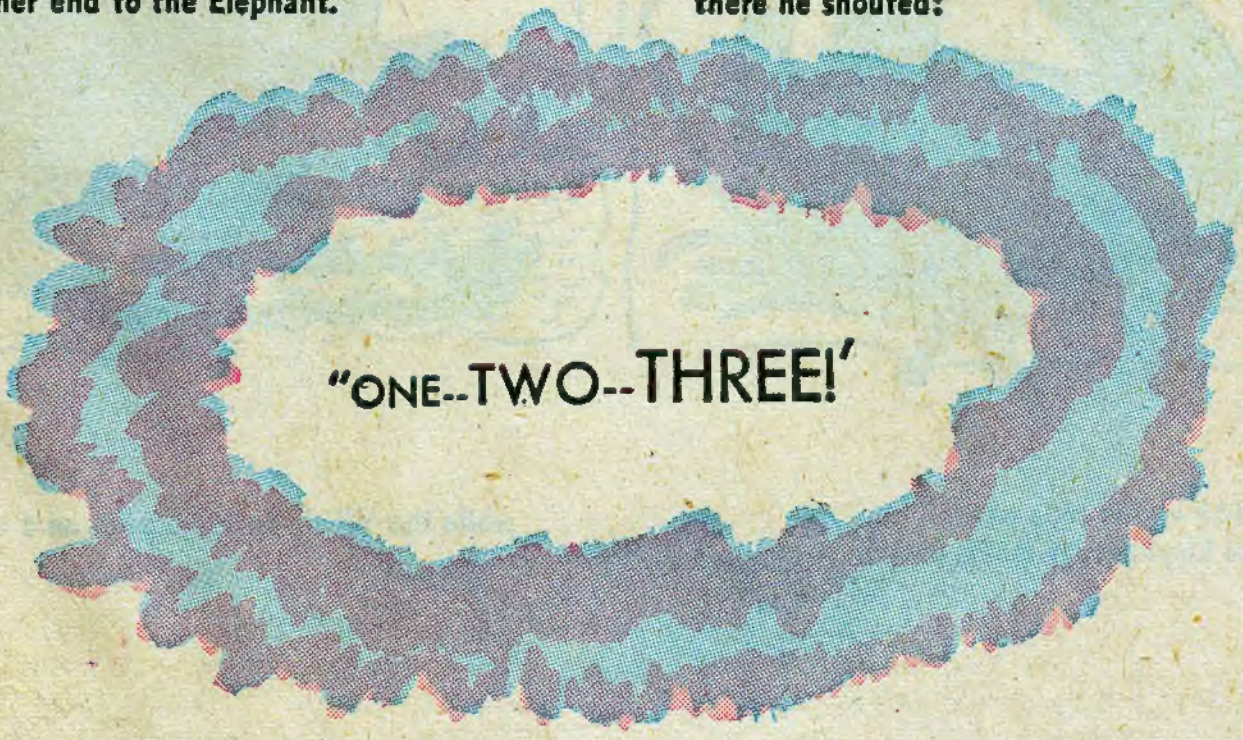


and gave one end to the Whale —

Then he ran back and gave the other end to the Elephant.



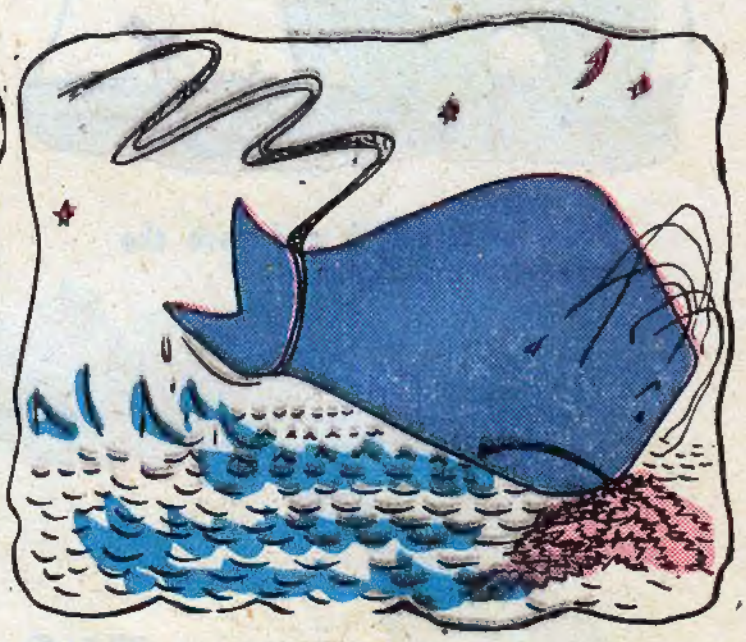
Next, he hid in a rosebush and from there he shouted:



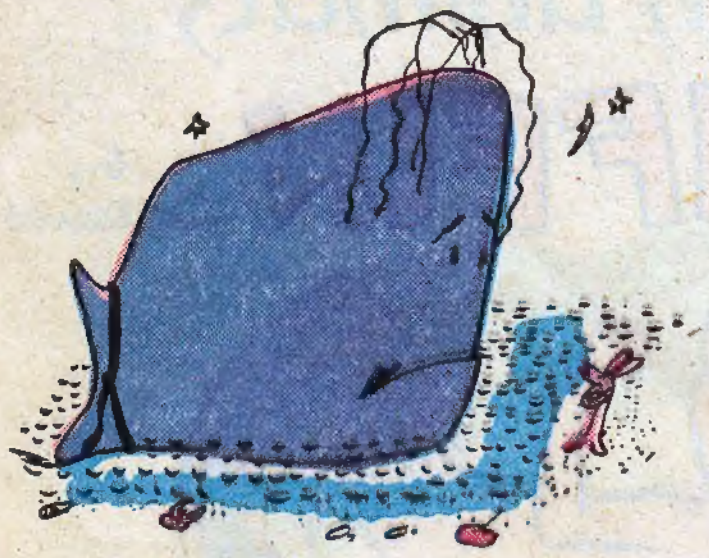
The Elephant, who had wound the rope twice around his middle, grunted and puffed and sweated.

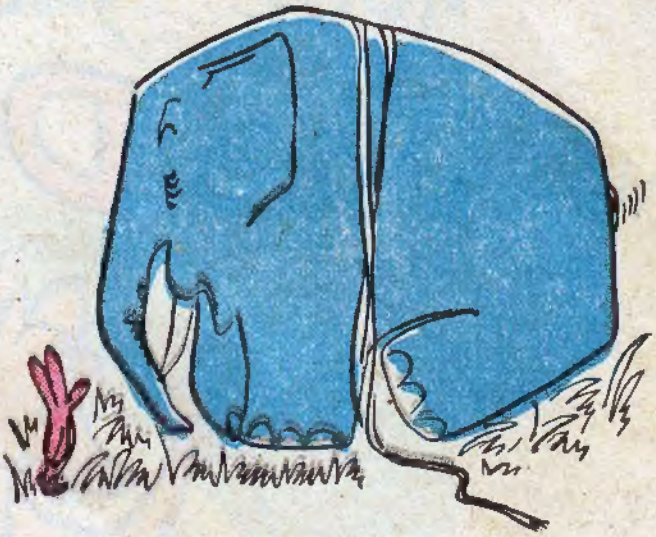
The Whale pulled with all his might and thrashed the water into high waves until — with a loud

SNAP — the rope parted!
The Elephant lay on his back in the grass —



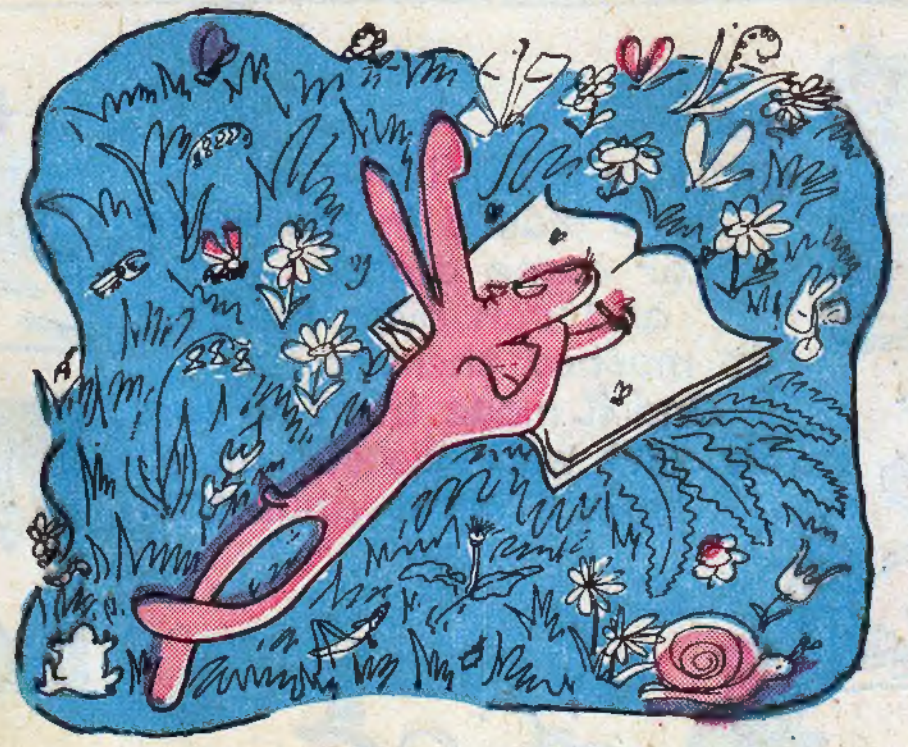
while the Whale came to grief on a coral reef.





"Oh, Mr. Big, before you leave, take a look at yourself," said the Rabbit. "Take a good look, and then swim to the end of your ocean and tell your friends of this experience. And don't forget to mention my name!"

"And you," he said to the Elephant, "remember what happened just now — with your celebrated memory. Remember forever that one must never make fun of little people. Go on — run along now!"

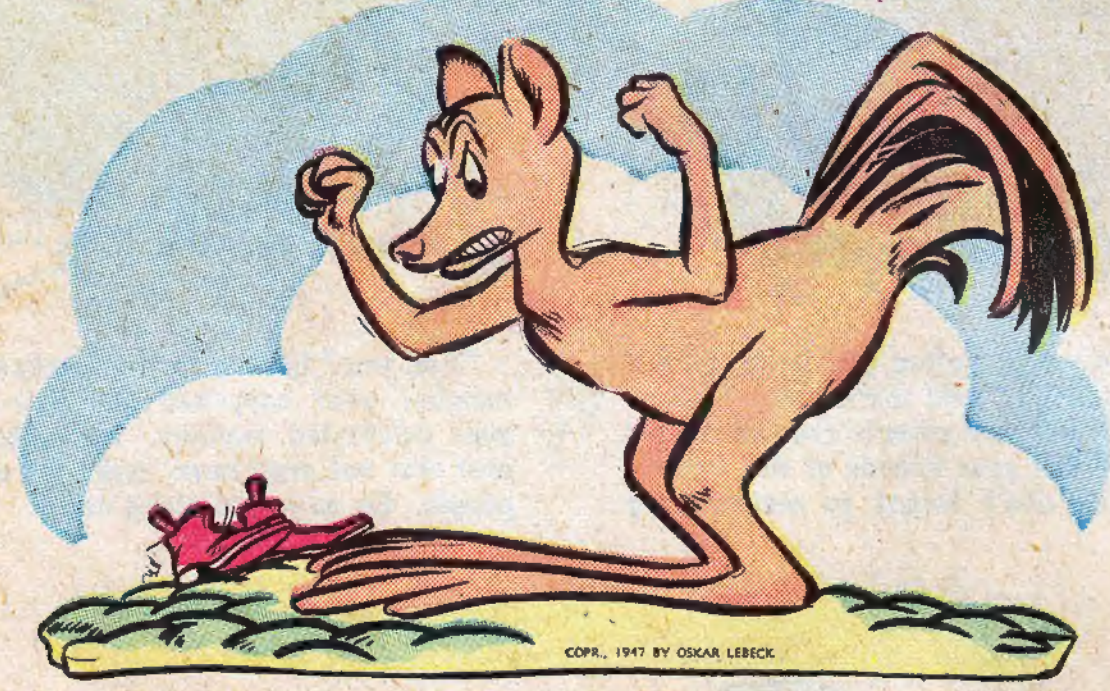


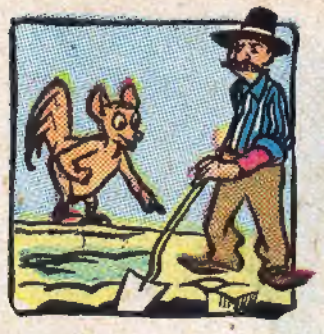
Saddened, the Elephant and the Whale left, but Rosebud stayed and felt better.

He started to write a magnificent book about the strength and smartness and the great courage of rabbits.

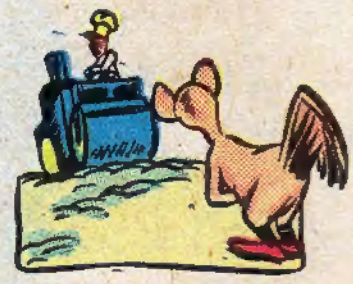
None-such animals

No. 10 **The DIFFIN** by Andrews



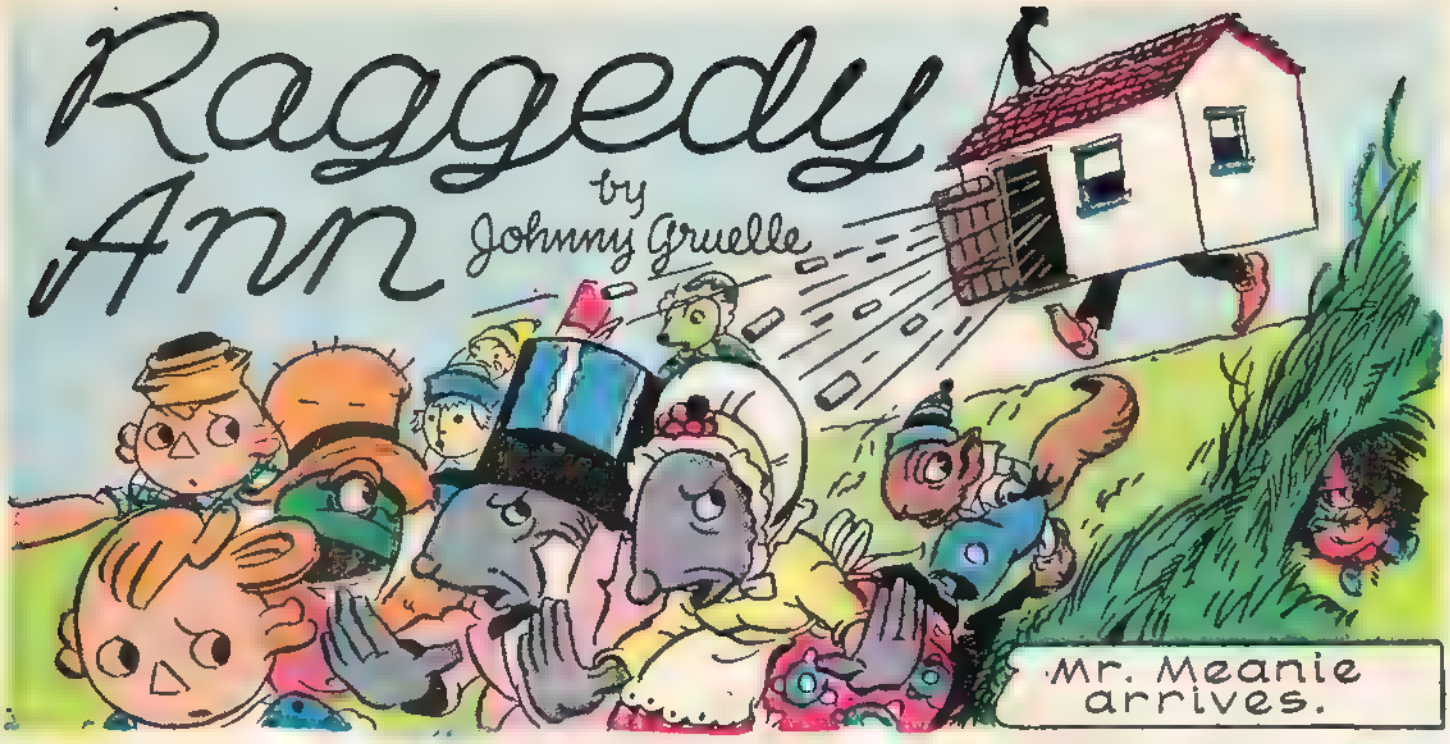


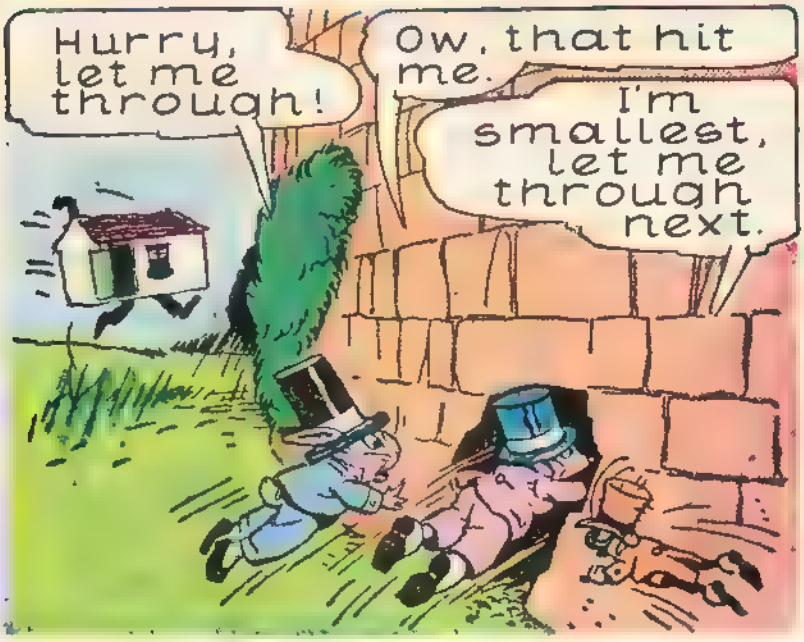
This is a Diffin
who played in the street.
A car came along
and ran over his feet.
It mashed them so flat
And it made them so sore,
He can't wear his stockings
and shoes anumore.

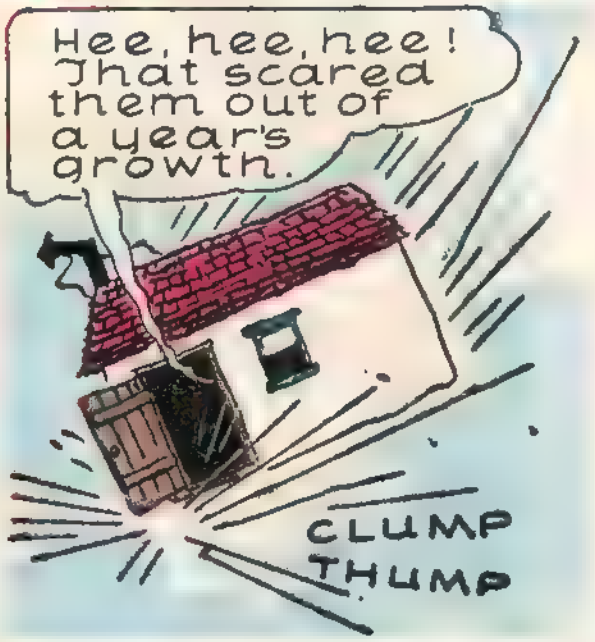


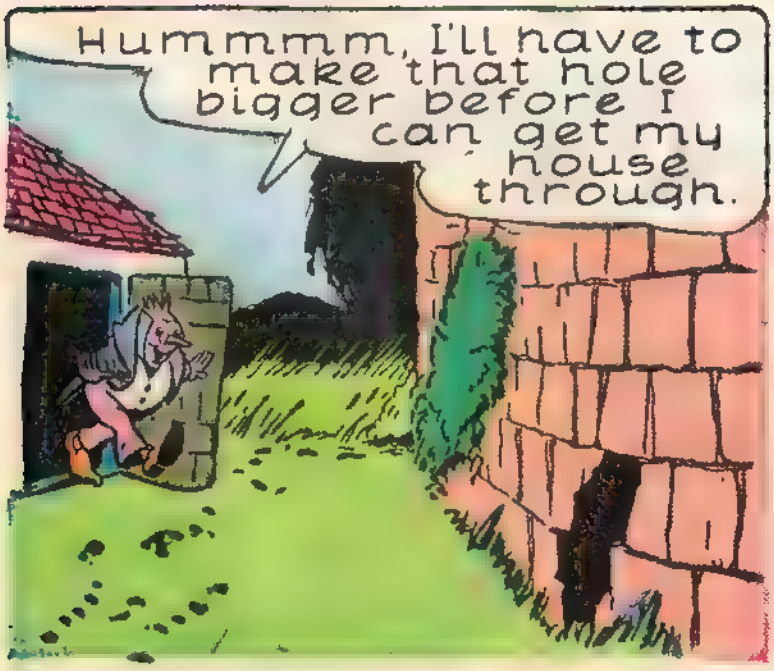
Raggedy Ann

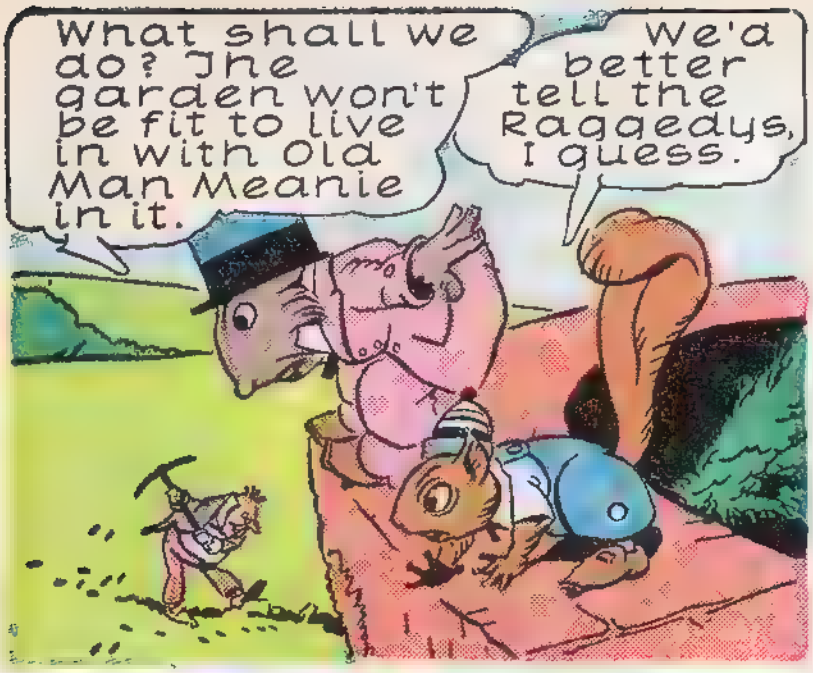
by Johnny Gruelle



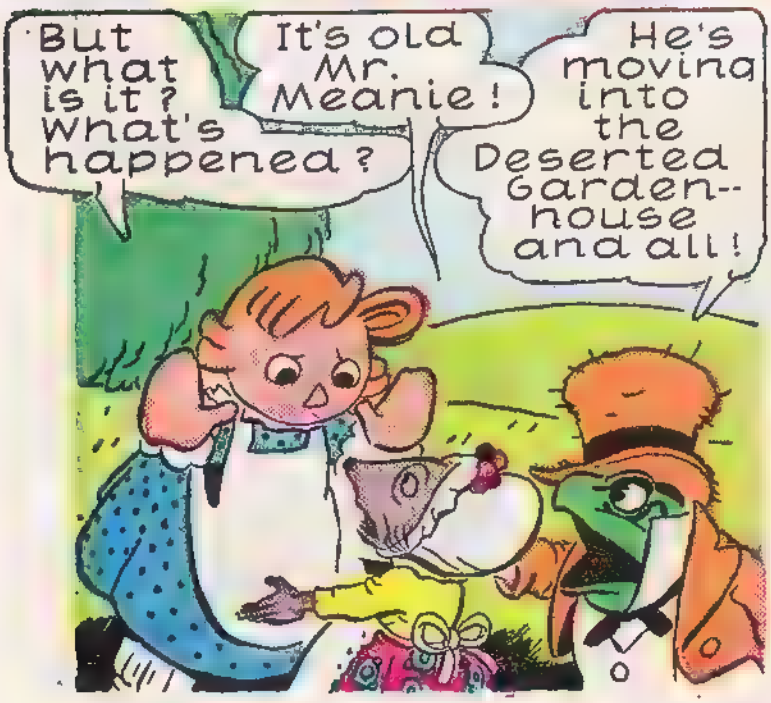




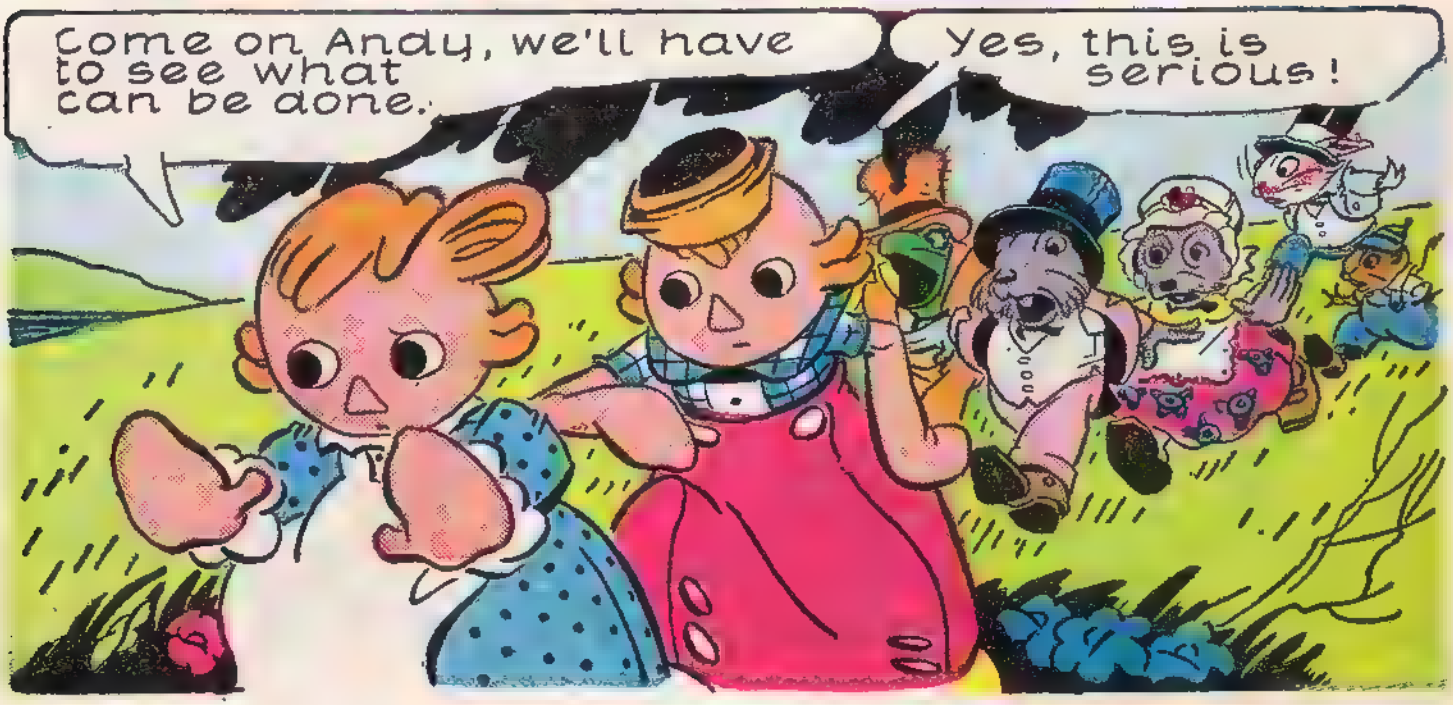


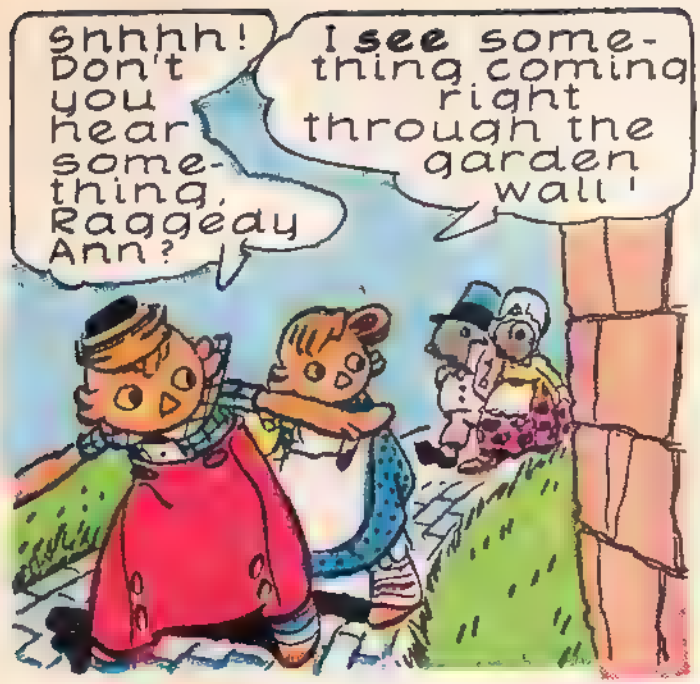

What shall we do? The garden won't be fit to live in with Old Man Meanie in it.
We'd better tell the Raggedys, I guess.

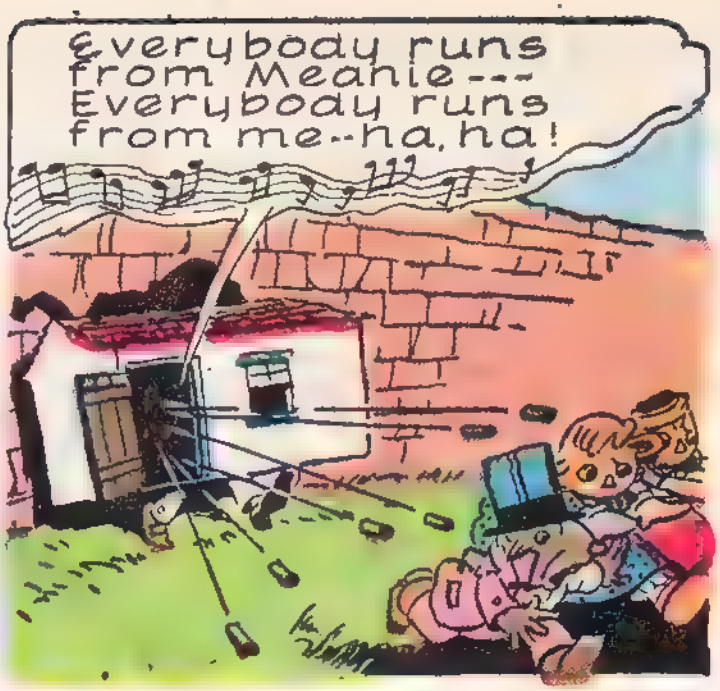
Oh, Raggedy Ann, something dreadful has happened.
It's terrible!


But what is it? What's happened?
It's old Mr. Meanie!
He's moving into the Deserted Garden--house and all!

He'll pester us and play mean tricks on us day and night--sniff, sniff--and life won't be worth living!


Come on Andy, we'll have to see what can be done.
Yes, this is serious!

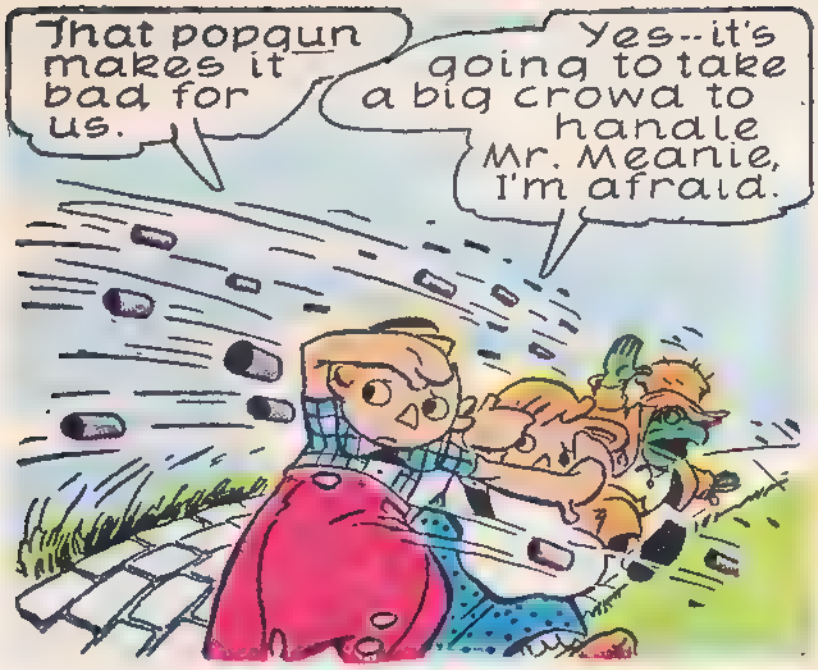

Shhhh! Don't you hear something, Raggedy Ann?
I **see** something coming right through the garden wall!

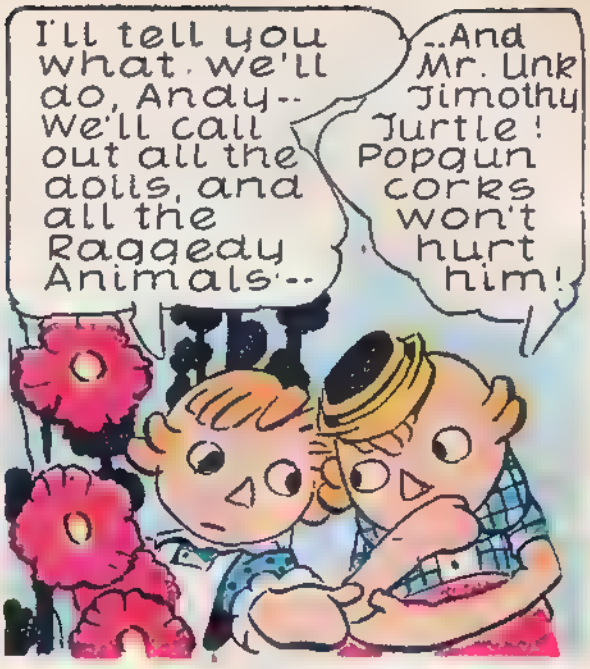

Everybody runs from Meanie--- Everybody runs from me--ha, ha!

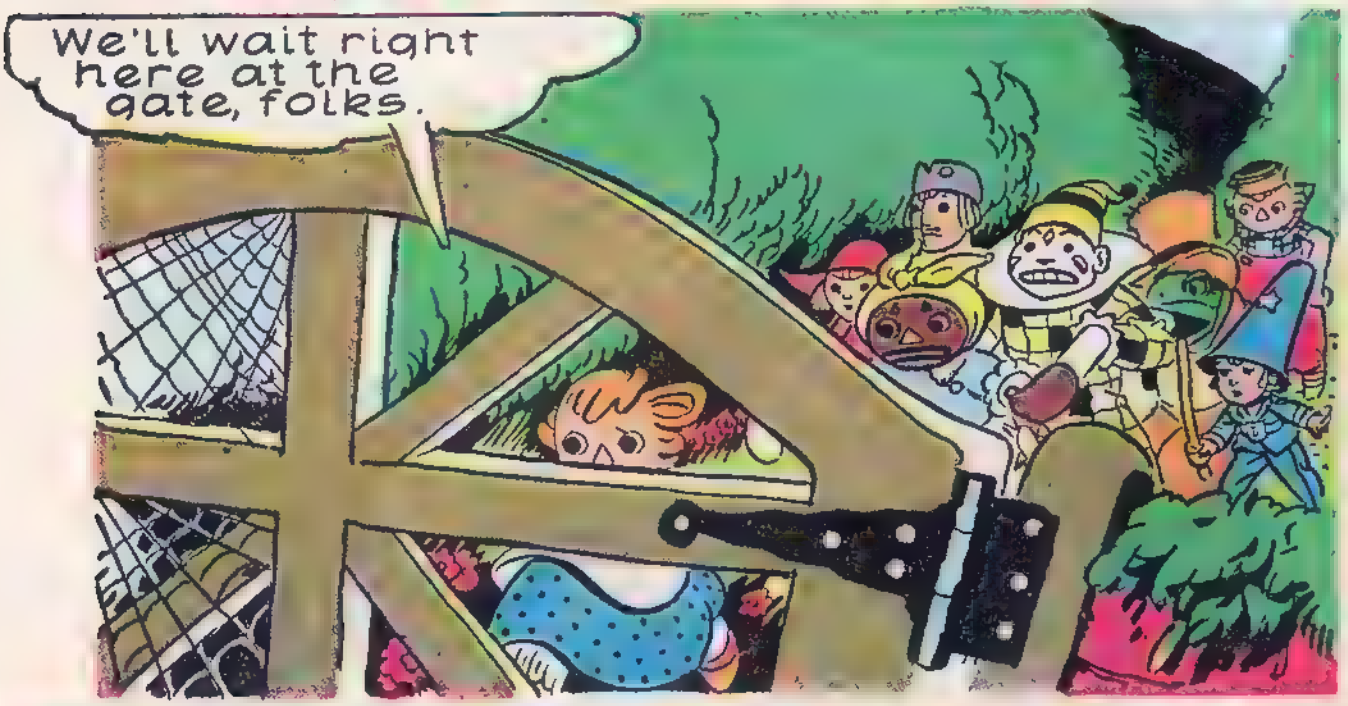
You see? There's **no** way to stop him!
There **must** be, Grampie! If we had enough help...

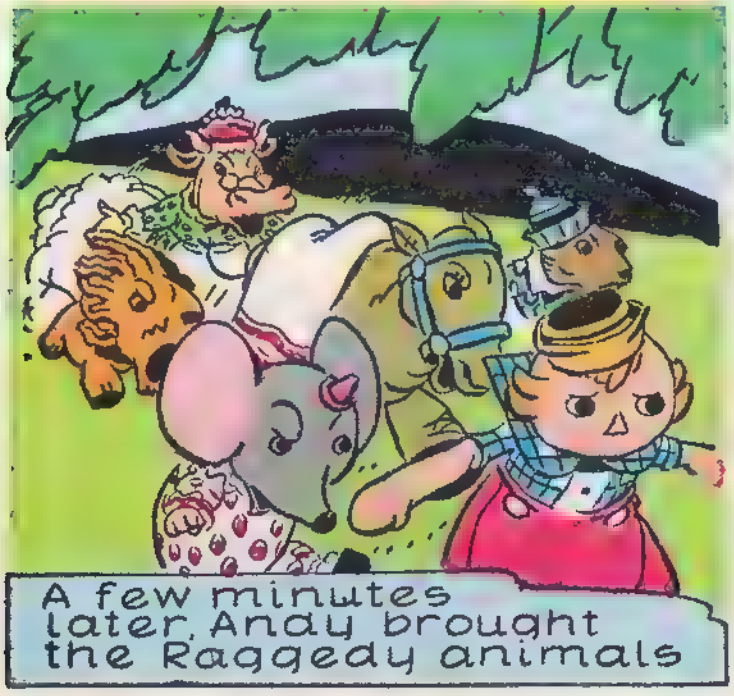
..or if we could catch him outside his house! Then I could wrestle him.

And just in case somebody thinks he can put me out-- I have this high-power repeating popgun that shoots fifty corks without reloading!

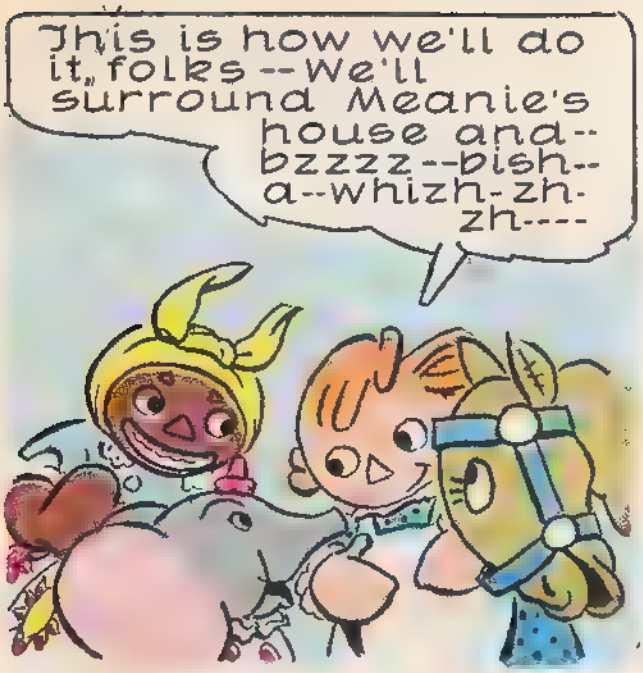

That popgun makes it bad for us.
Yes--it's going to take a big crowd to handle Mr. Meanie, I'm afraid.

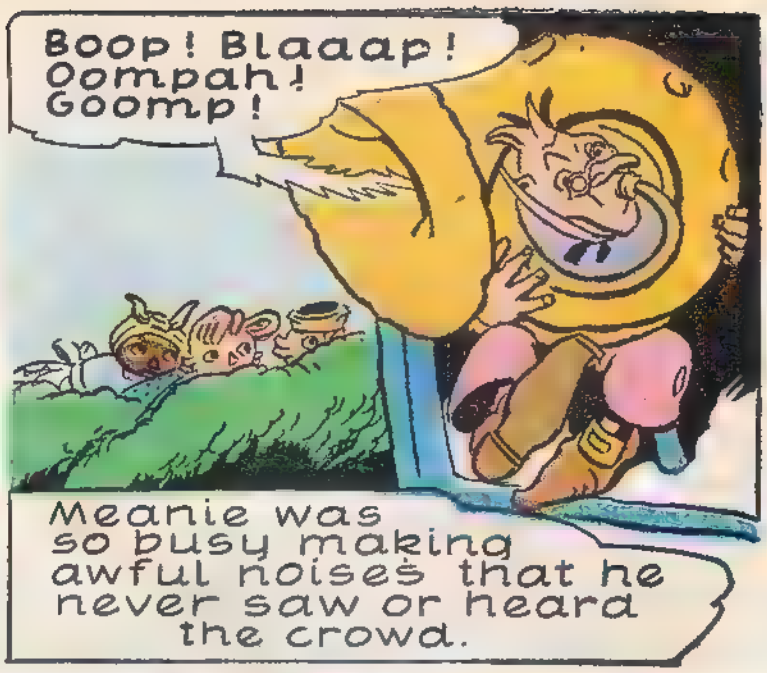

I'll tell you what we'll do, Andy-- We'll call out all the dolls, and all the Raggedy Animals--
--And Mr. Uncle Jimothy Turtle! Popgun corks won't hurt him!

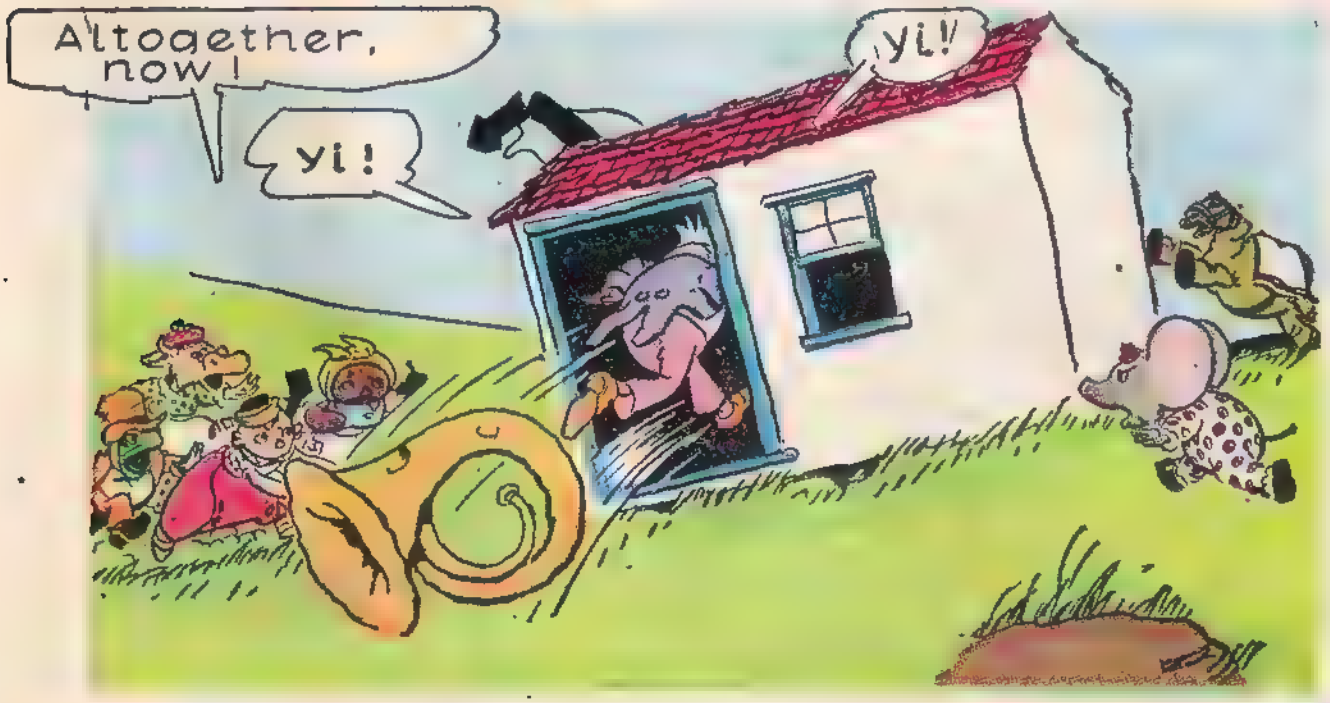

We'll wait right here at the gate, folks.

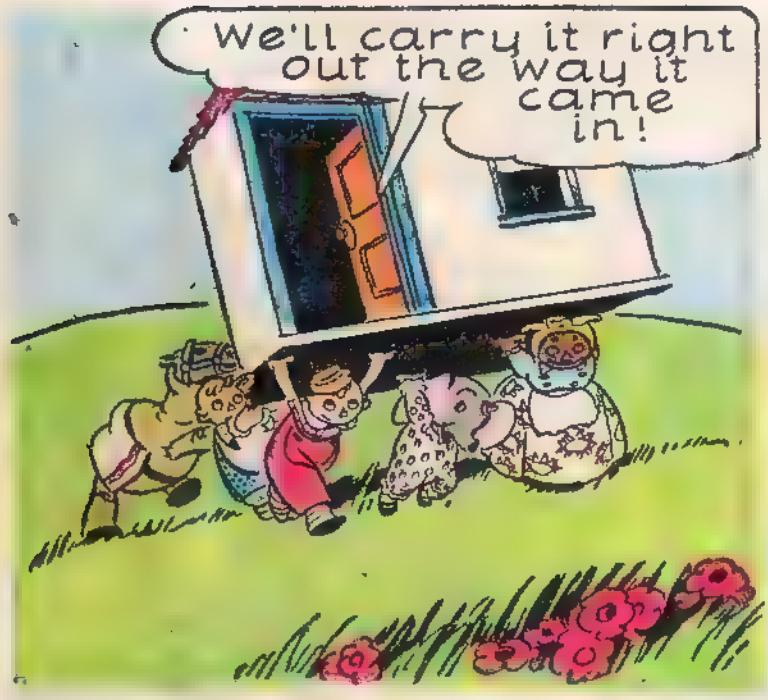

A few minutes later, Andy brought the Raggedy animals

And they all tiptoed into the Deserted Garden!

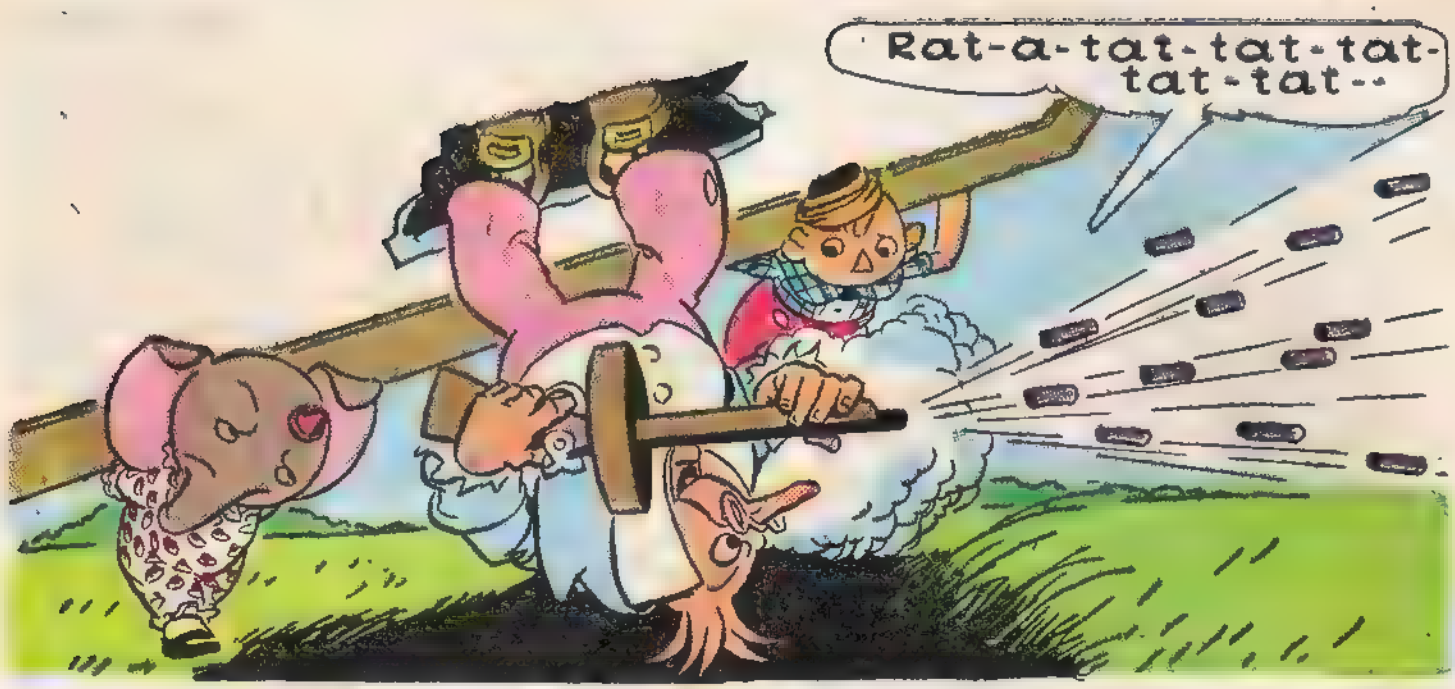

This is how we'll do it, folks--We'll surround Meanie's house and--bzzzz--bish--a--whizh-zh-zh----


Boop! Blaaap! Oompah! Goomp!
Meanie was so busy making awful noises that he never saw or heard the crowd.

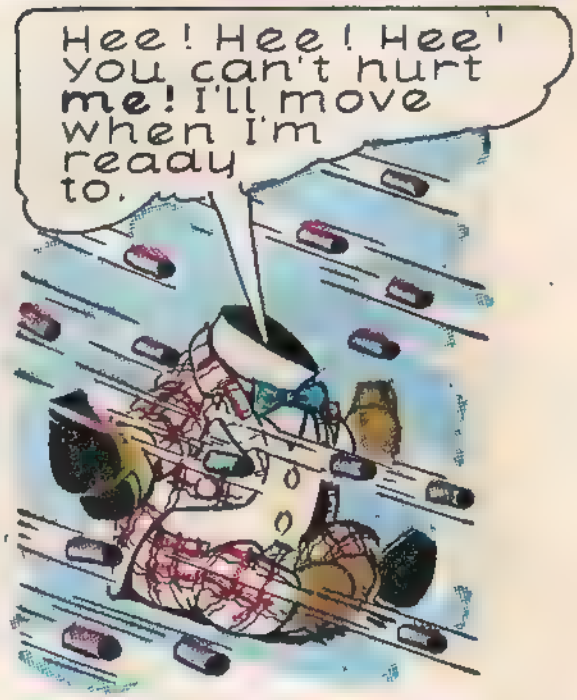

Altogether, now!
yi!
yi!

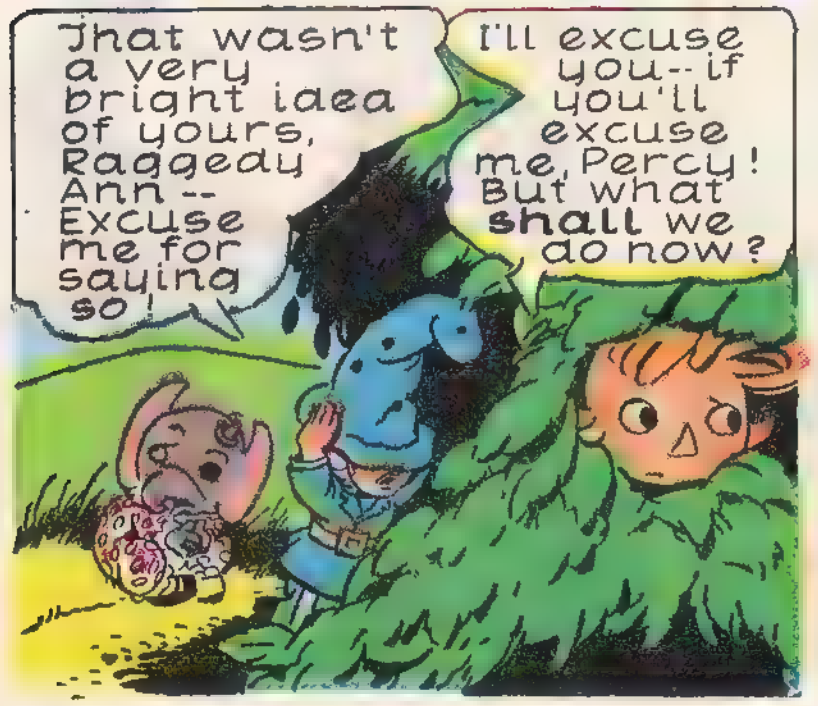

We'll carry it right out the way it came in!

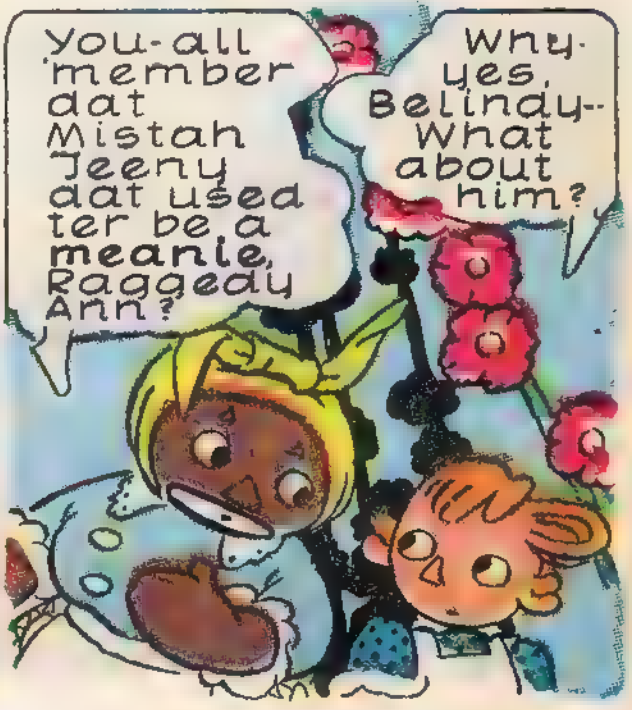
Oh--you will, will you?

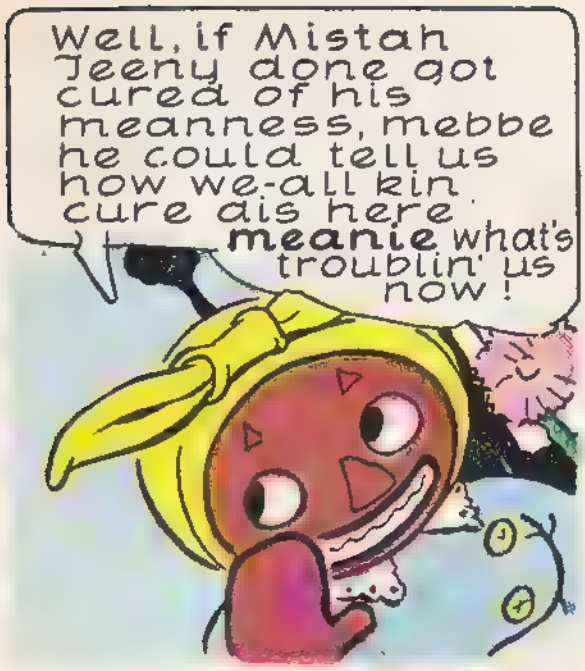

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat--

Ha, ha, ha! I'll make **you** move, Raggedys, like this!


Hee! Hee! Hee! You can't hurt **me!** I'll move when I'm ready to.


That wasn't a very bright idea of yours, Raggedy Ann -- Excuse me for saying so!
I'll excuse you -- if you'll excuse me, Percy! But what **shall** we do now?

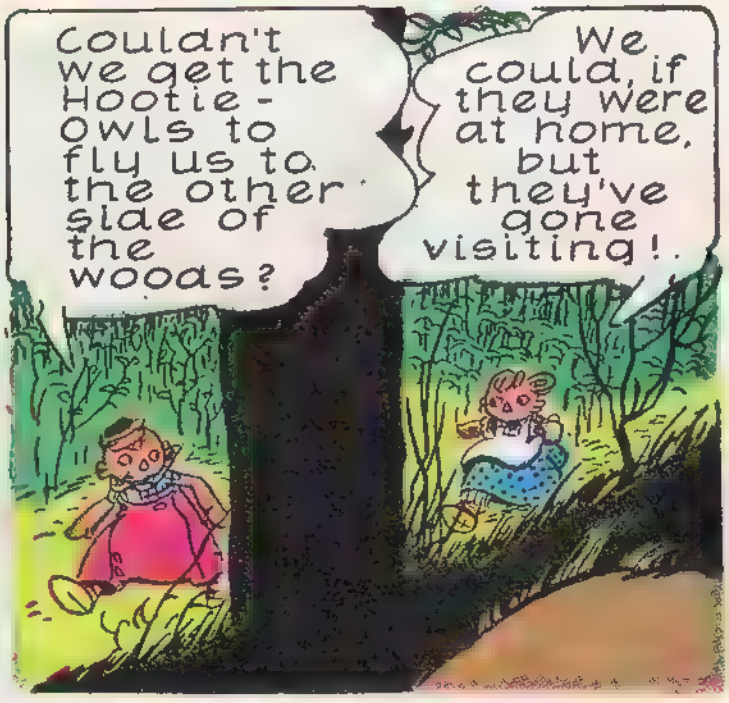

You-all member dat Mistah Jeeny dat used ter be a **meanie**, Raggedy Ann?
Why-yes, Belindy -- What about him?

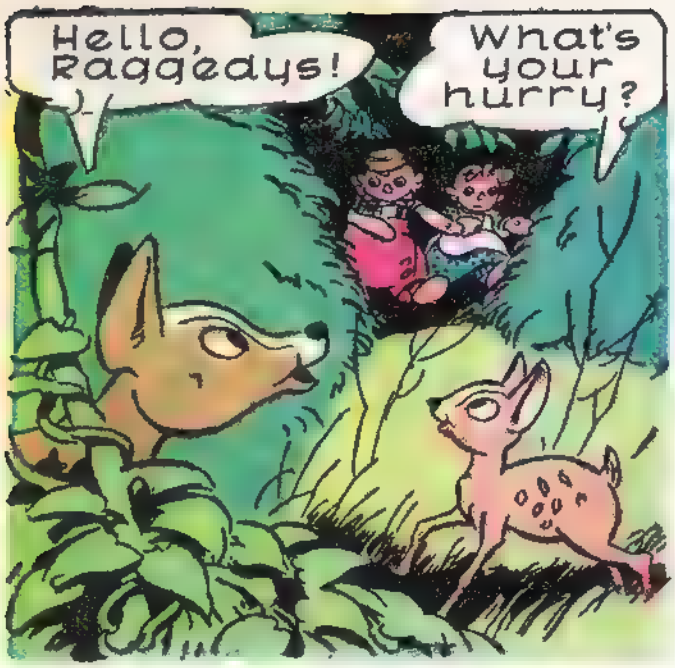

Well, if Mistah Jeeny done got cured of his meanness, mebbe he could tell us how we-all kin cure dis here **meanie** what's troublin' us now!

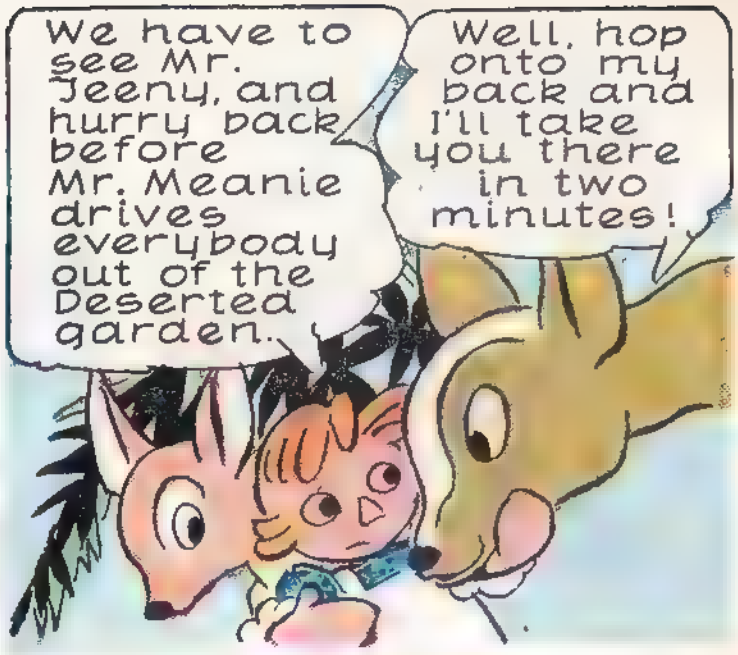
Dear Belinda! That's the **very best idea** yet!

Come, Andy, we'll find Mr. Jeeny in the old stone well at the other side of the woods!
I know, it takes all day to get there

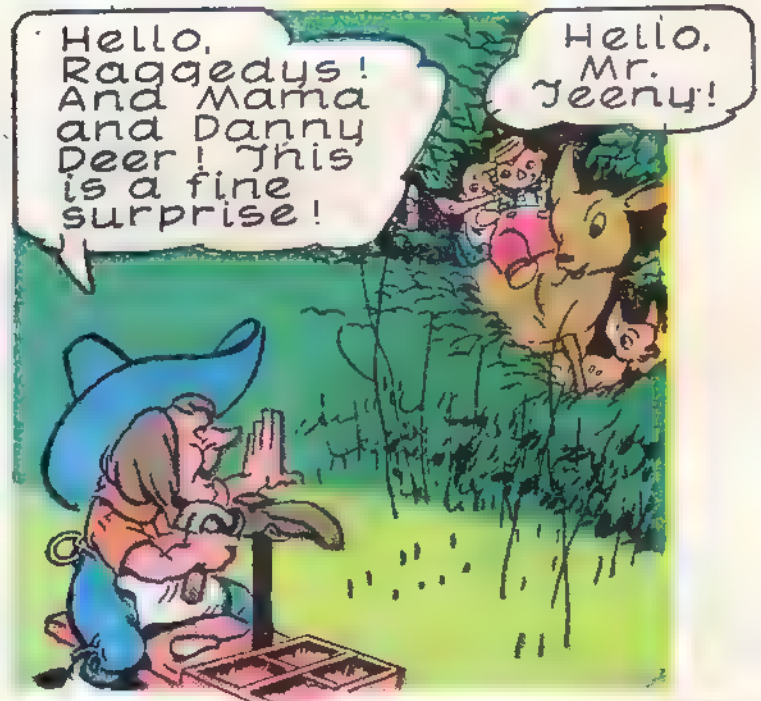
Good-bye, Raggedys.
Tell Grampie Hoppy-toad we'll hurry back.


Coulan't we get the Hootie-Owls to fly us to the other side of the woods?
We could, if they were at home, but they've gone visiting!

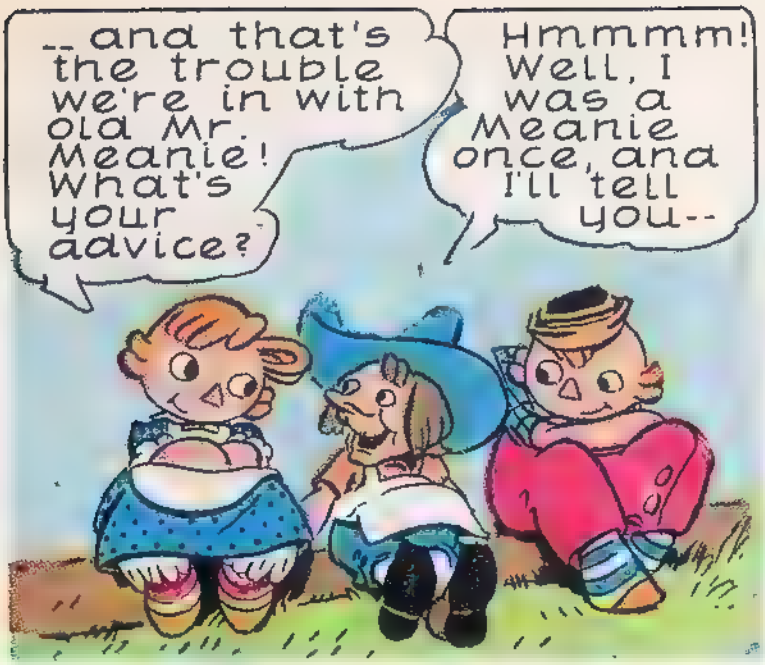

Hello, Raggedays!
What's your hurry?


We have to see Mr. Jeeny, and hurry back before Mr. Meanie drives everybody out of the Deserted garden.
Well, hop onto my back and I'll take you there in two minutes!

Oh, boy! She's going like the wind.


Hello, Raggedays! And Mama and Danny Deer! This is a fine surprise!
Hello, Mr. Jeeny!

What can I do for my Raggedy friends, today?
Lots!
We'll tell you -

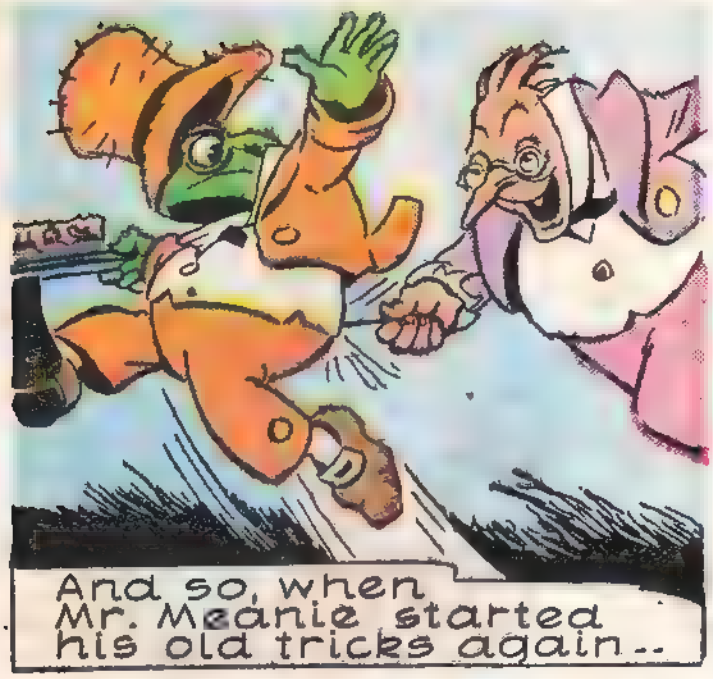

...and that's the trouble we're in with old Mr. Meanie! What's your advice?
Hmmmm! Well, I was a Meanie once, and I'll tell you--

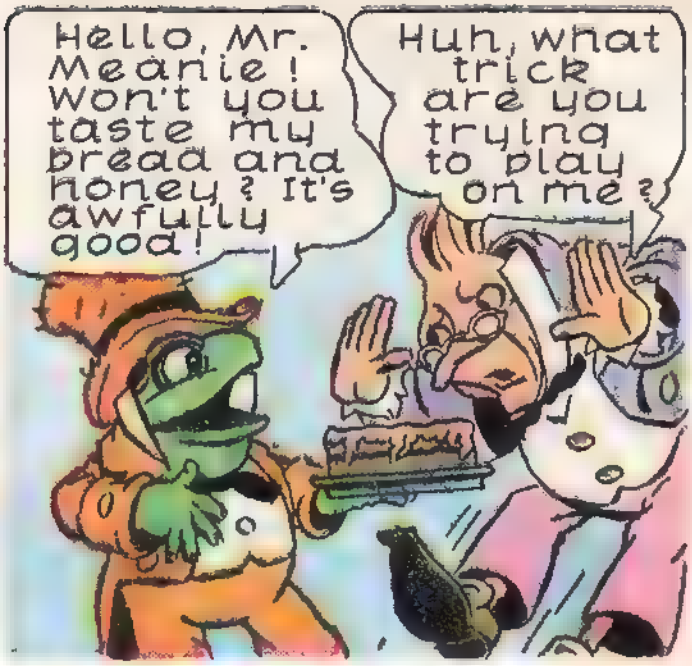
...the **one thing** That a Meanie simply cannot stand is **loving-kindness!** He'll either catch it himself--or he'll move out.

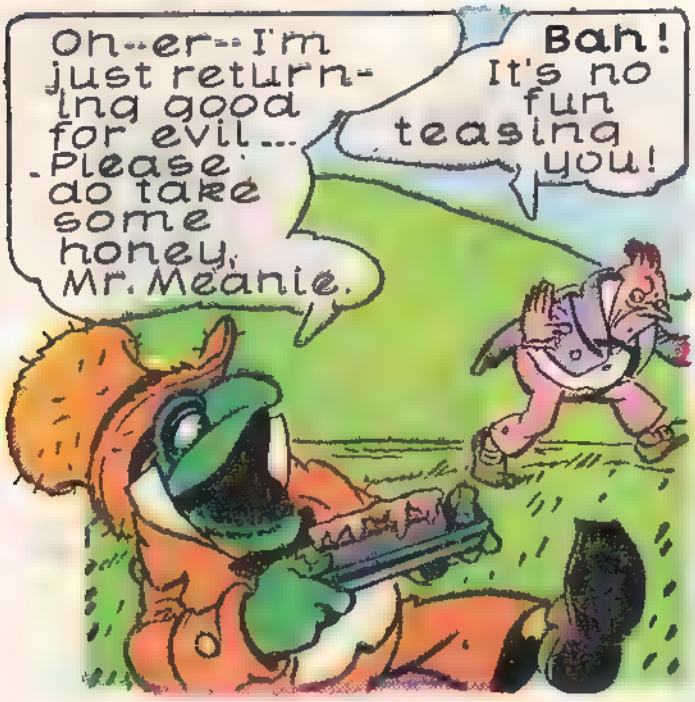
Mr. Jeeny, that's the best advice ever! We'll try **loving-kindness on** old Mr. Meanie!
...and we'll spread it on thick!

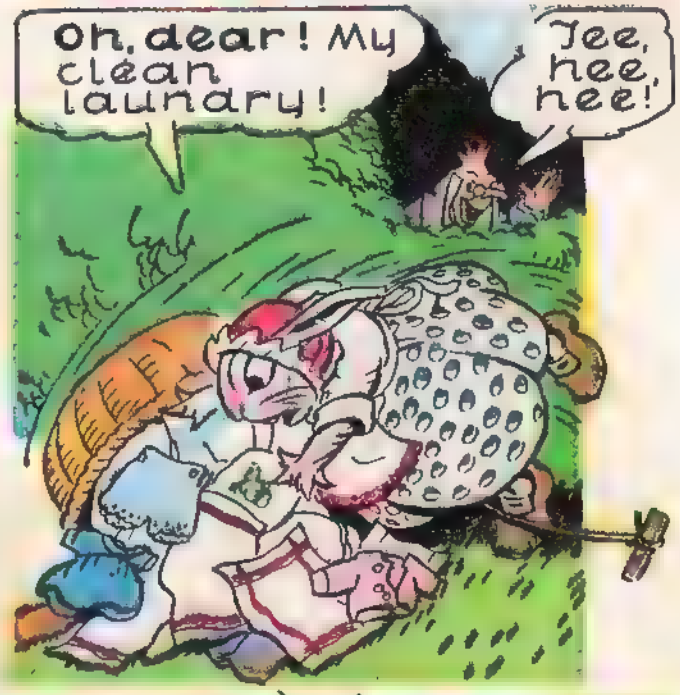
Faster, Mama Deer! We can't get back too soon!
I'll take you all the way in three minutes

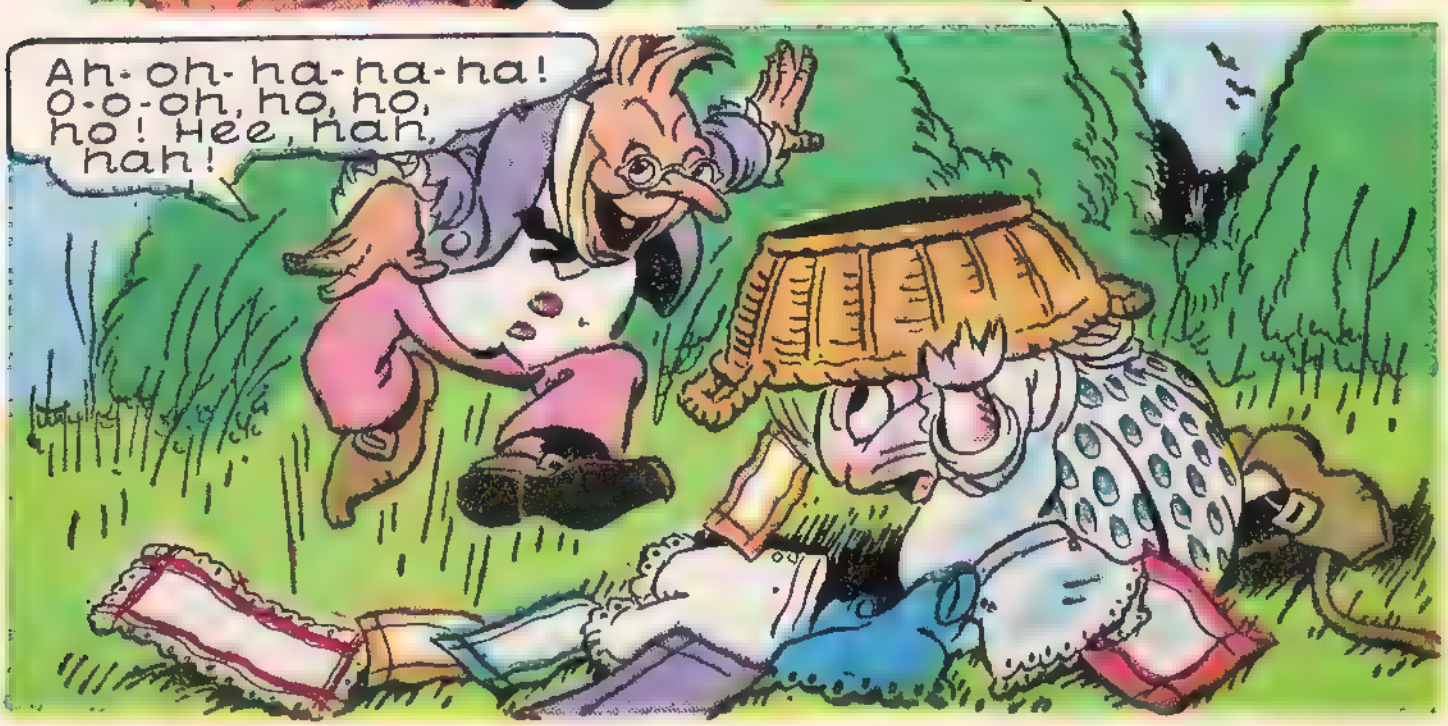
...you understand, now-- **loving-kindness** is the cure!
It's going to be a hard job-- but we'll try it.


And so, when Mr. Meanie started his old tricks again--

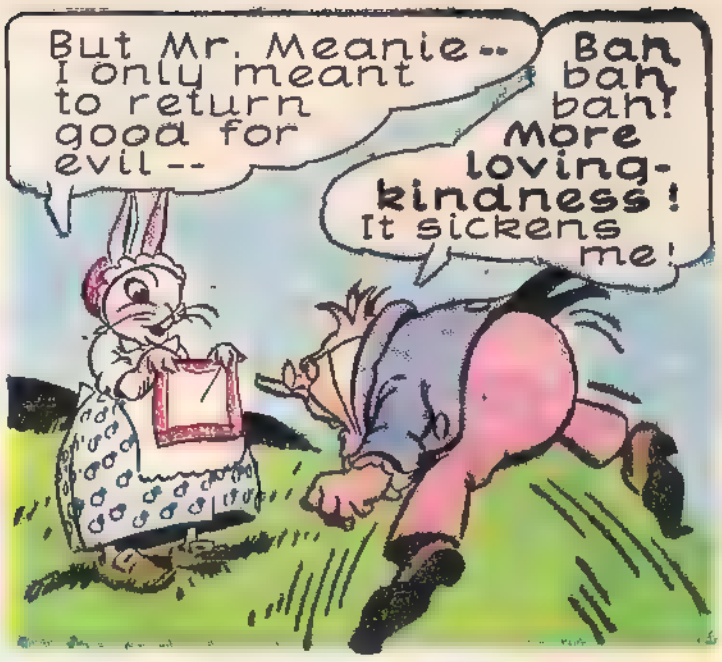

Hello, Mr. Meanie! Won't you taste my bread and honey? It's awfully good!
Huh, what trick are you trying to play on me?


Oh--er--I'm just returning good for evil... Please do take some honey, Mr. Meanie.
Bah! It's no fun teasing you!


Oh, dear! My clean laundry!
Tee, hee, hee!


Ah-oh-ha-ha-ha! O-o-oh, ho, ho, ho! Hee, hah, hah!

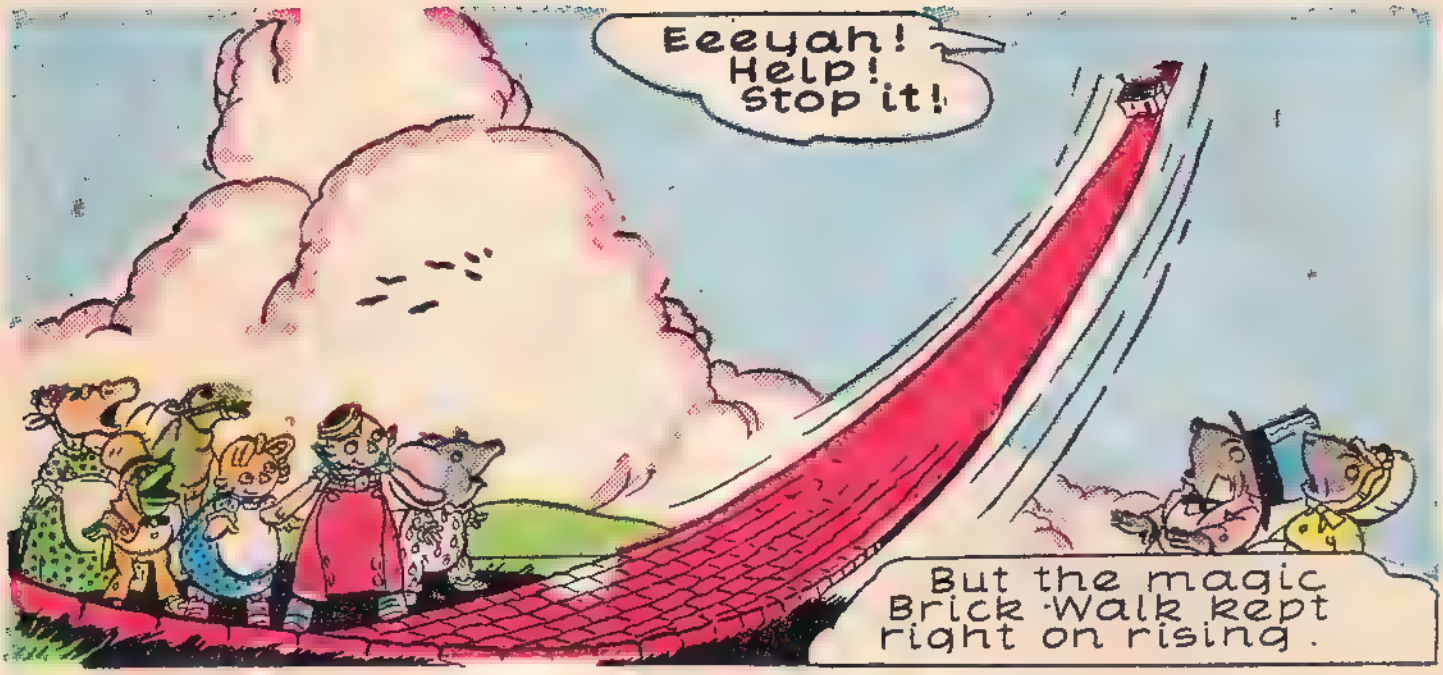
I'm glad there's one clean hanky left. Let me wipe your laughing tears away, Mr. Meanie.
Eh? NO! Stop that!

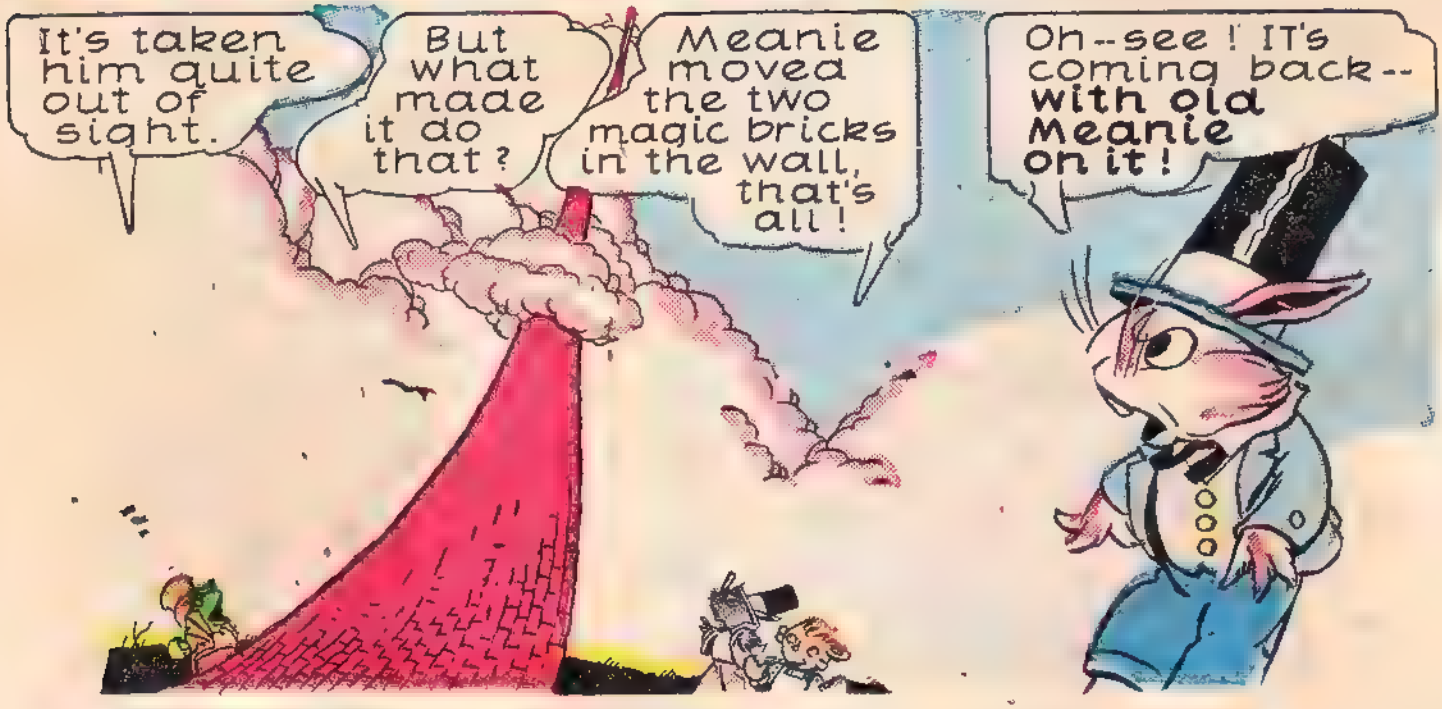

But Mr. Meanie-- I only meant to return good for evil--
Bah bah bah! More loving-kindness! It sickens me!

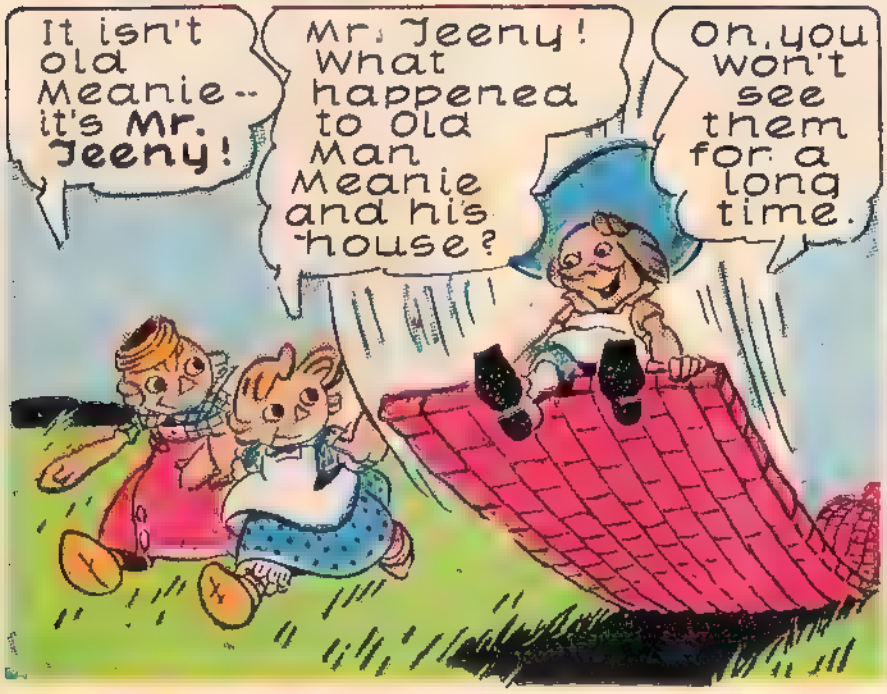
Loving-kindness! It spoils all my fun! I can't stand it.
Poor Mr. Meanie! Can't we help you to be really happy?

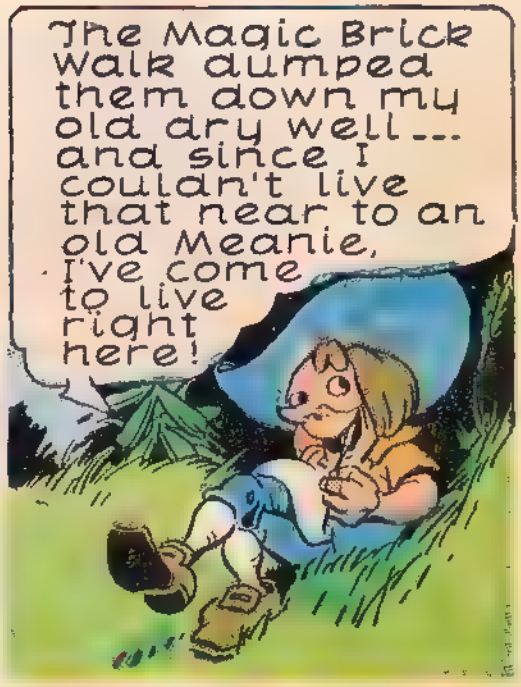
Grrrrrrr! I'll help you-- to a couple of bricks!

Eeeyow!
Look! The brick walk is rising!


Eeeyah! Help! Stop it!
But the magic Brick Walk kept right on rising.


It's taken him quite out of sight.
But what made it do that?
Meanie moved the two magic bricks in the wall, that's all!
Oh--see! IT's coming back-- **with old Meanie on it!**


It isn't old Meanie-- it's **Mr. Jeeny!**
Mr. Jeeny! What happened to Old Man Meanie and his house?
Oh, you won't see them for a long time.


The Magic Brick Walk dumped them down my old dry well... and since I couldn't live that near to an old Meanie, I've come to live right here!

out of the RAINY DAY BOX

COPR., 1947 BY OSKAR LEBECK

HANDY WANTS TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A HALLOWEEN COSTUME. HE SAYS IF YOU MAKE IT IN OTHER COLORS IT CAN BE ANY CHARACTER YOU WANT.

1. CUT A PIECE OF CREPE PAPER TO TWICE YOUR OWN HEIGHT. FOLD AND CUT A HOLE FOR THE HEAD. SEW UP THE SIDES.

2. TAKE MORE PAPER AND PLEAT IT. SEW IT AROUND YOUR WAIST WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD.

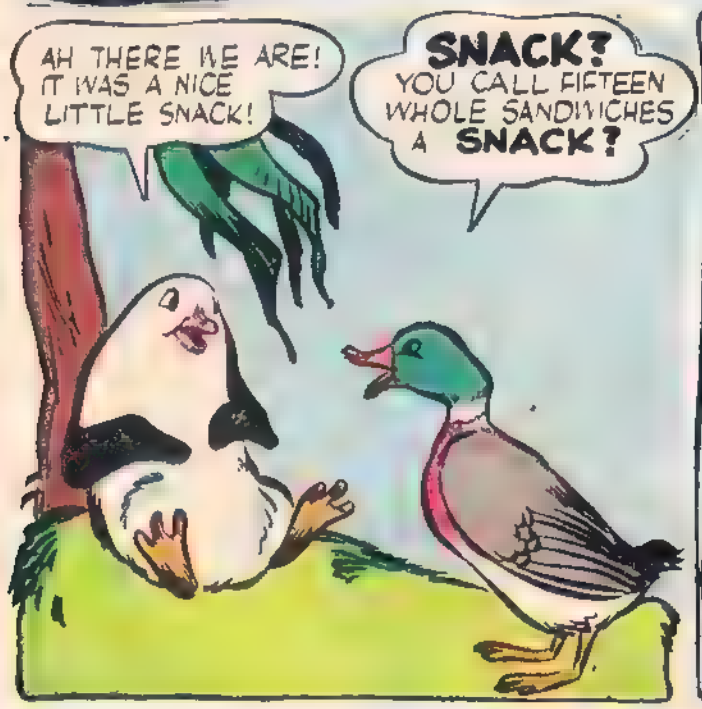
3. ADD A PLEATED CAPE TIED IN FRONT. PASTE STARS AND MOONS ON THE SKIRT AND CAPE.

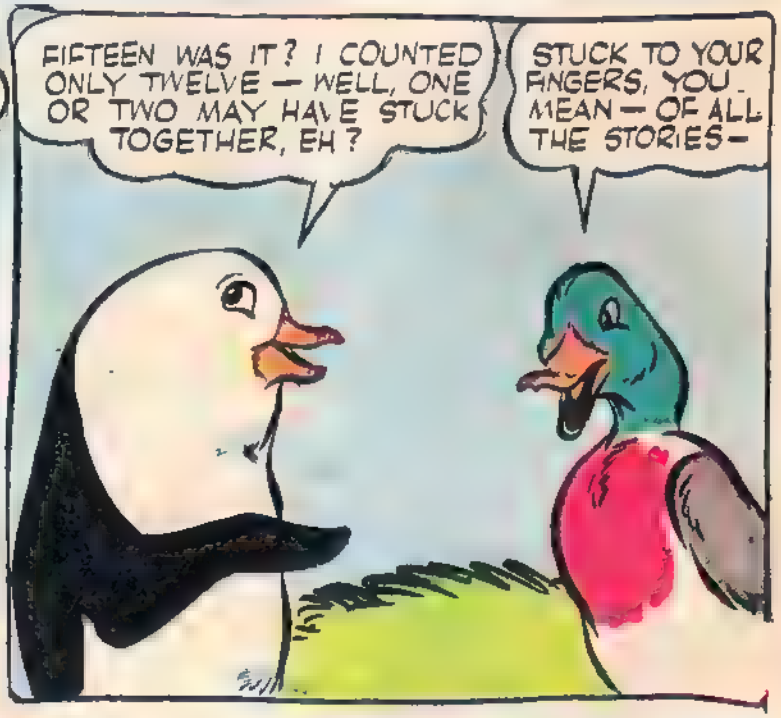
4. THE BRIM AND CROWN OF THE HAT ARE MADE SEPARATELY OF CARDBOARD AND TAPED TOGETHER

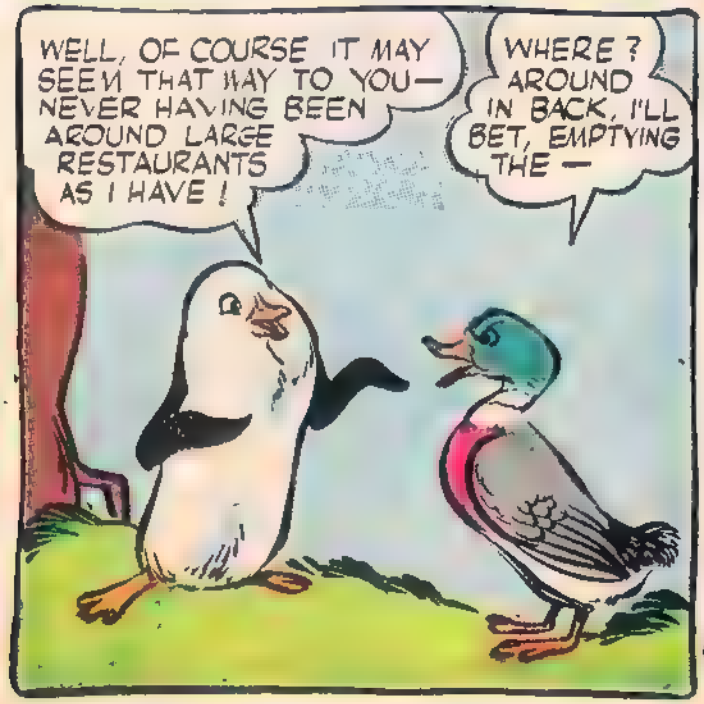
5. THE WIG, MADE OF ROPE OR AN OLD MOP, IS TIED TO THE HEAD

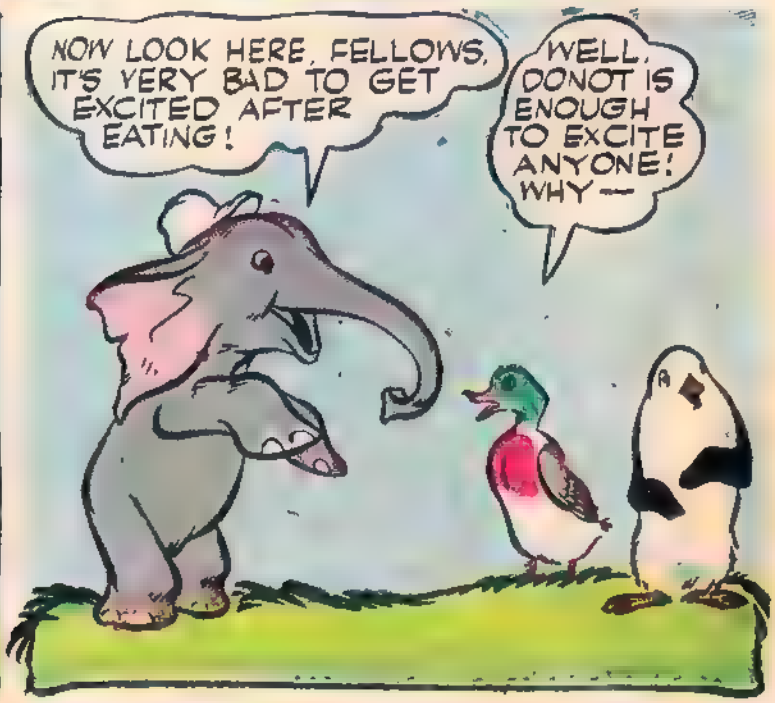
6. ADD A FALSE NOSE AND AN OLD BROOM AND YOU HAVE A WITCH.

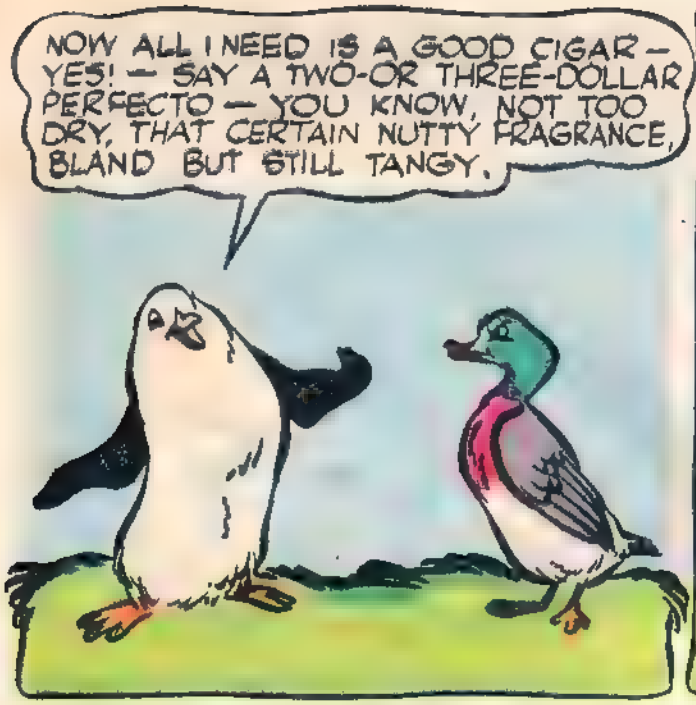
EGBERT ELEPHANT AND HIS FRIENDS



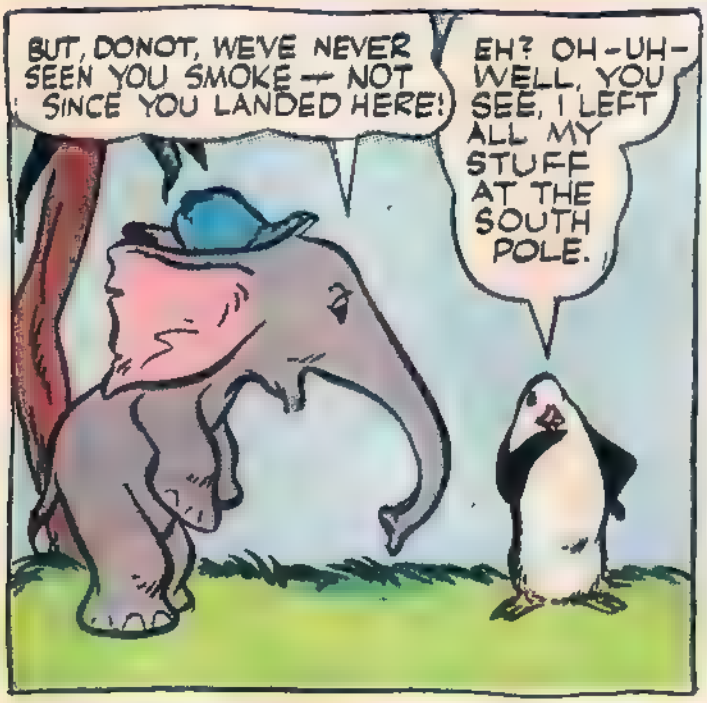


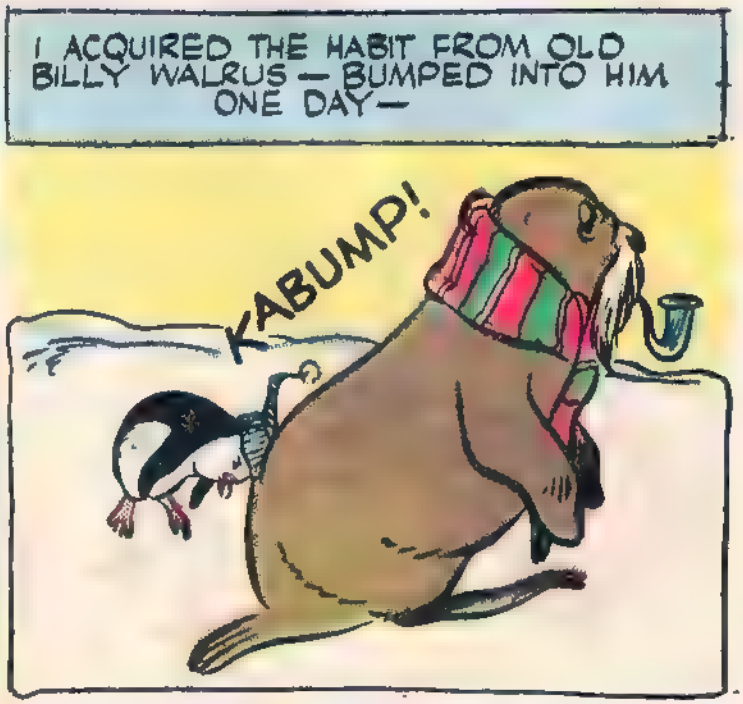




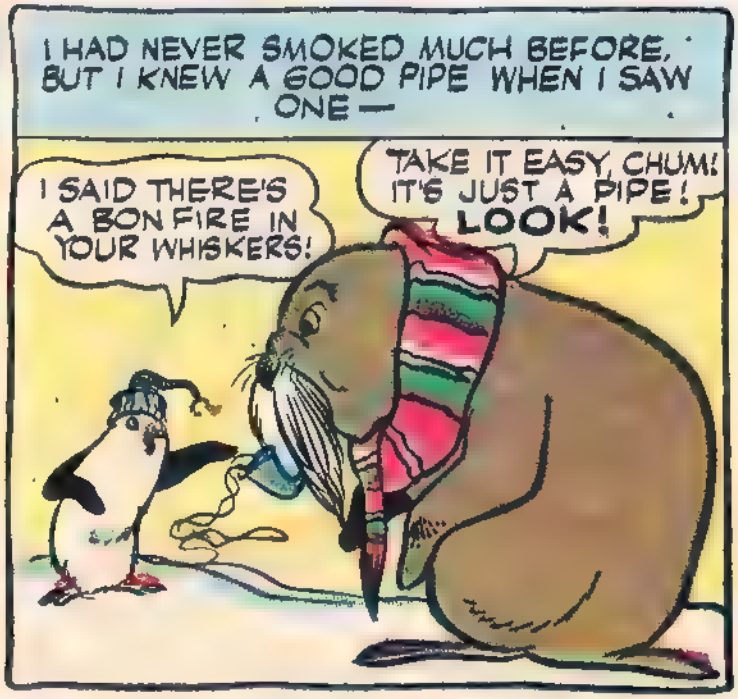

NOW ALL I NEED IS A GOOD CIGAR — YES! — SAY A TWO-OR THREE-DOLLAR PERFECTO — YOU KNOW, NOT TOO DRY, THAT CERTAIN NUTTY FRAGRANCE, BLAND BUT STILL TANGY.

DONOT! YOU CAN'T MEAN YOU SMOKE?
OH, JUST A PIPE OF AN EVENING, SEVEN OR EIGHT CIGARS DURING THE DAY- A FEW CIGARETTES — THAT'S ALL!


BUT, DONOT, WE'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SMOKE — NOT SINCE YOU LANDED HERE!
EH? OH-UH- WELL, YOU SEE, I LEFT ALL MY STUFF AT THE SOUTH POLE.

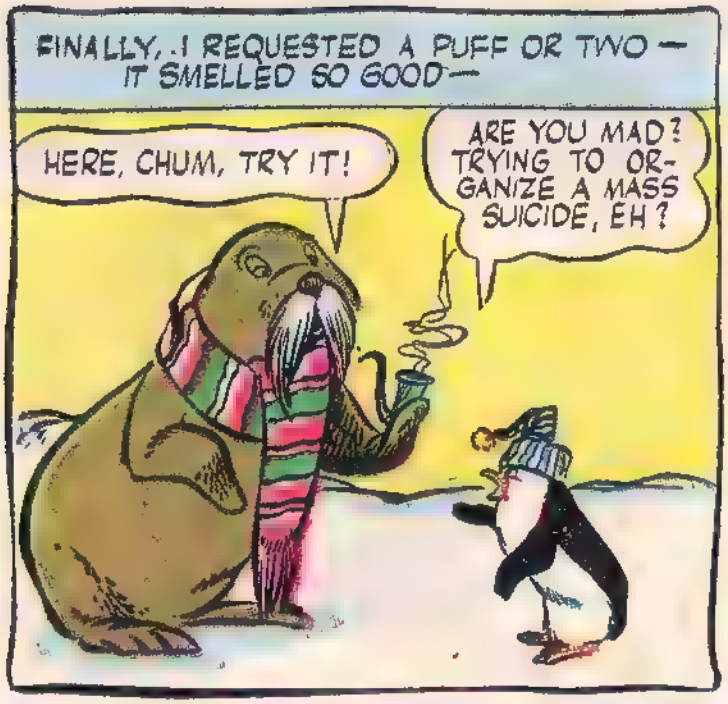

I ACQUIRED THE HABIT FROM OLD BILLY WALRUS — BUMPED INTO HIM ONE DAY—
KABUMP!

I NOTICED HE WAS SMOKING A RATHER NICE MEERSCHAUM PIPE.
GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! YOU'RE ON FIRE! QUICK! INTO THE WATER WITH YOU!
HAH?

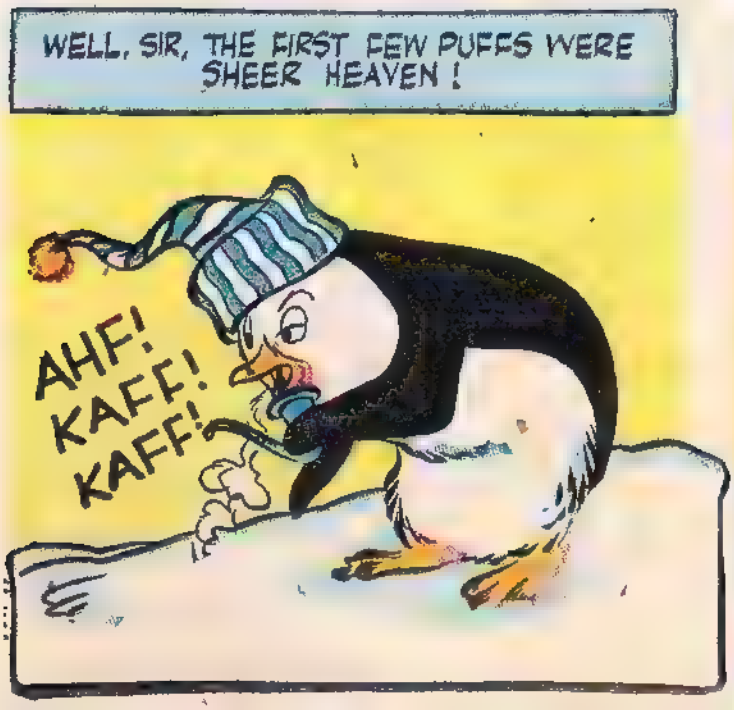

I HAD NEVER SMOKED MUCH BEFORE, BUT I KNEW A GOOD PIPE WHEN I SAW ONE —
I SAID THERE'S A BON FIRE IN YOUR WHISKERS!
TAKE IT EASY, CHUM! IT'S JUST A PIPE! LOOK!

WILLY WAS AMAZED AT THE INFORMATION I HAD ABOUT PIPES AND SUCH —
SEE! IT'S JUST A PIPE! YOU BLOW THROUGH HERE.
LOOK OUT! IT'S GOING OFF!

SO WE CHATTED ABOUT IT FOR A FEW MINUTES. HE WAS QUITE IMPRESSED.
OR YOU JUST PUFF LIKE THIS— PUFF, PUFF!
THINK OF YOUR FAMILY, MAN! YOU'LL EXPLODE ANY SECOND!


FINALLY, I REQUESTED A PUFF OR TWO — IT SMELLED SO GOOD—
HERE, CHUM, TRY IT!
ARE YOU MAD? TRYING TO ORGANIZE A MASS SUICIDE, EH?

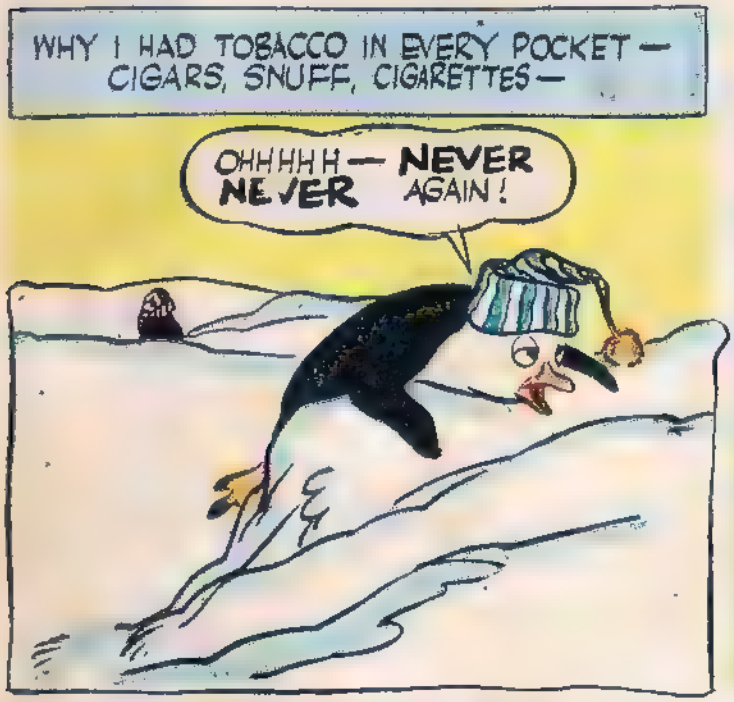
HE WAS A BIT RELUCTANT AT FIRST, BUT HE FINALLY AGREED.
OH, COME ON! IT'S NOT HARMFUL IF YOU'RE GROWNUP!
IT ISN'T? YOU'RE SURE? OF COURSE, I AM QUITE GROWN SO —I'LL— UH—

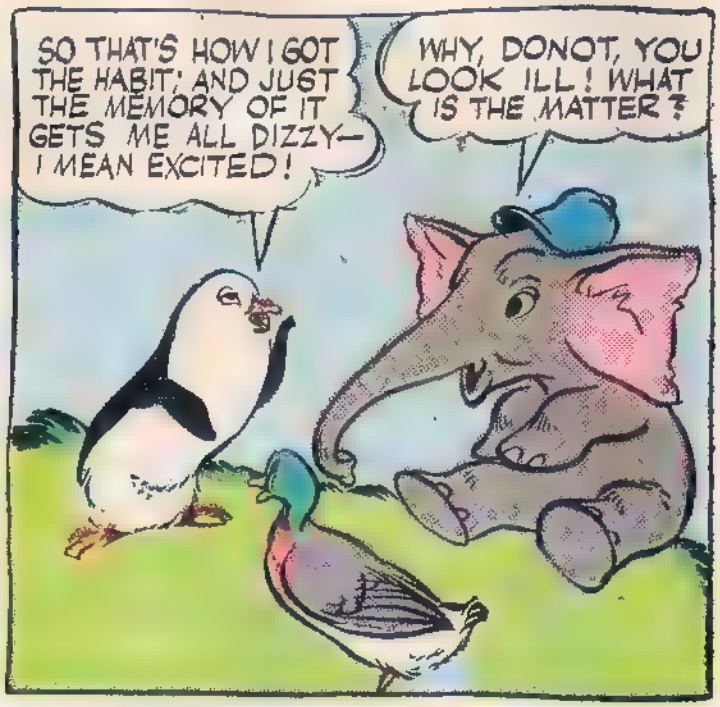

WELL, SIR, THE FIRST FEW PUFFS WERE SHEER HEAVEN!
AHF! KAFF! KAFF!

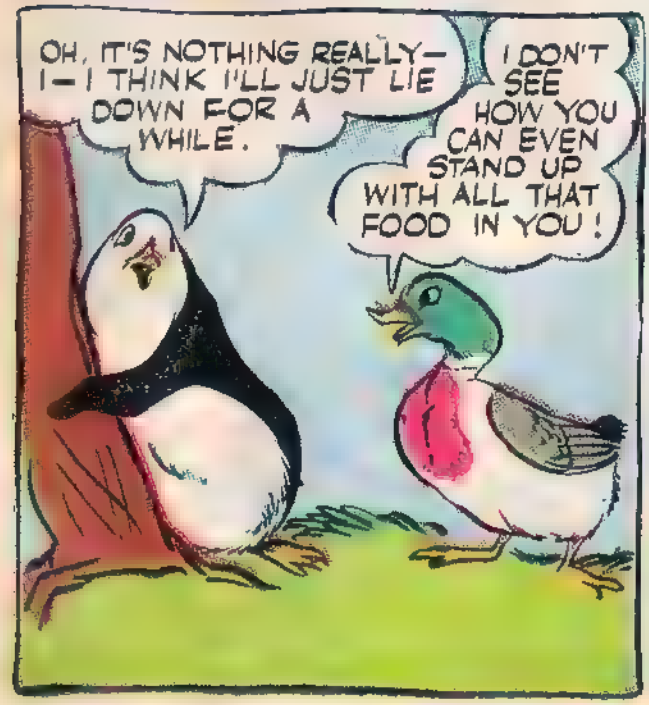
FROM THAT TIME ON, I WAS A CONFIRMED SMOKER.
HERE, HERE! WHO STARTED THIS MERRY-GO-ROUND?

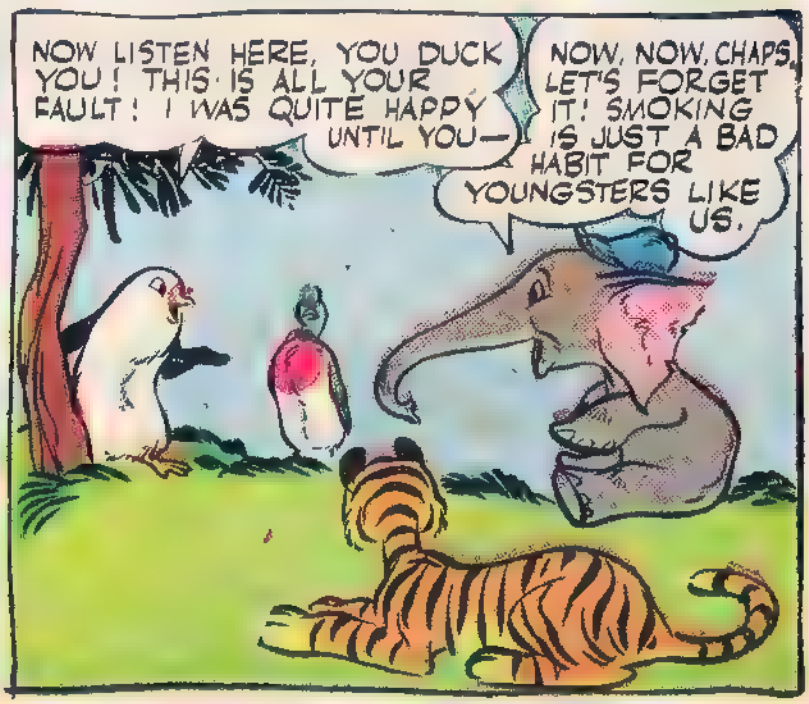
YOU COULDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT ME BECAUSE THERE WAS SO MUCH SMOKE AROUND ME ALL THE TIME —
WHAT'S WRONG, CHUM? DIDN'T YOU LIKE IT?
OH, YES, BUT WHO STARTED THESE FIREWORKS?

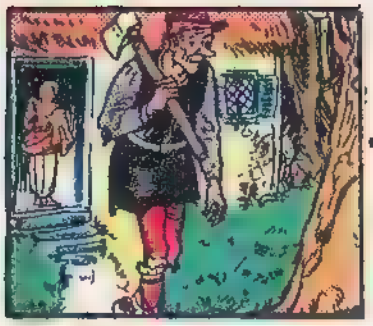
PEOPLE DOWN THERE GOT TO CALLING ME SMOKEY—
WHY, CHUM, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?
OH, I THINK I'LL TAKE A CRAWL— I LOVE TO TRAVEL THIS WAY.


WHY I HAD TOBACCO IN EVERY POCKET — CIGARS, SNUFF, CIGARETTES —
OHHHHH — NEVER NEVER AGAIN!

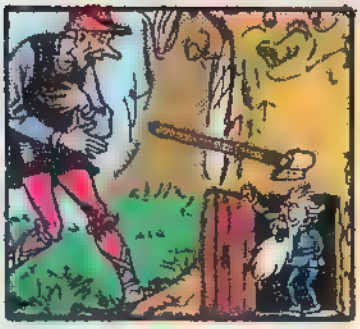

SO THAT'S HOW I GOT THE HABIT; AND JUST THE MEMORY OF IT GETS ME ALL DIZZY— I MEAN EXCITED!
WHY, DONOT, YOU LOOK ILL! WHAT IS THE MATTER?


OH, IT'S NOTHING REALLY— I— I THINK I'LL JUST LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE.
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EVEN STAND UP WITH ALL THAT FOOD IN YOU!


NOW LISTEN HERE, YOU DUCK YOU! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! I WAS QUITE HAPPY UNTIL YOU—
NOW, NOW, CHAPS, LET'S FORGET IT! SMOKING IS JUST A BAD HABIT FOR YOUNGSTERS LIKE US.



The Three Wishes



By W. J. ENRIGHT

There was once an old woodchopper who lived with his wife in a little cottage on the edge of the woods.

One day when he was in the woods he rapped on a tree. Finding it hollow, and therefore easy to chop down, he drove his axe into it.

But immediately a little door flew open and a gnome with a long white beard appeared and shouted, "What do you mean by chopping into my house?"

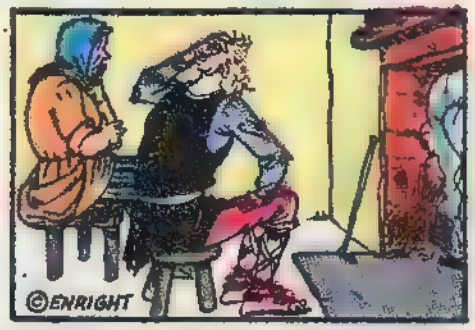
"I'm sorry," said the woodchopper, "another tree will do just as well." The little man was ashamed of himself for being angry and said, "You are so good-natured that I am going to give you and your wife three wishes."

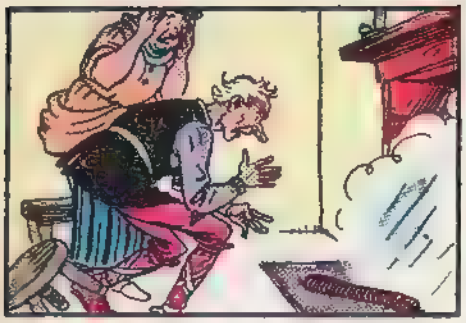
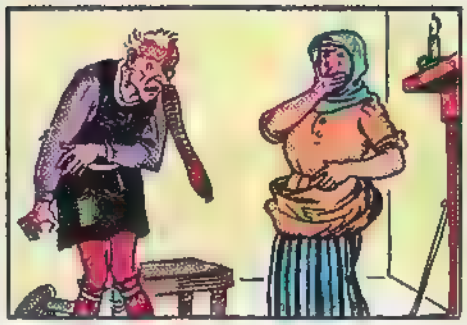
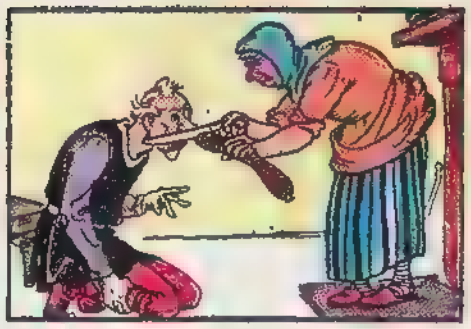
You may be sure the old woodchopper hurried home and, bursting into the house, told his wife of the three wishes they were to have.

So they sat down before the fire to talk over what three things they wanted most in all the world. They thought of palaces and riches and clothes and nearly everything under the sun.

Finally the day grew late and the old man was hungry and forgetting himself for a moment he said, "How I do wish we had a fine black sausage such as you used to make."

Suddenly before them on the hearth appeared that which he had wished for.



When the old wife saw how her husband had wasted one of the precious wishes she was beside herself with anger and without stopping to think, screamed, "I wish the sausage was stuck to your nose."

No sooner did she utter the words than up jumped the sausage to her husband's nose and dangled there like the trunk of an elephant.

The old man tugged and pulled but the sausage was stuck fast.

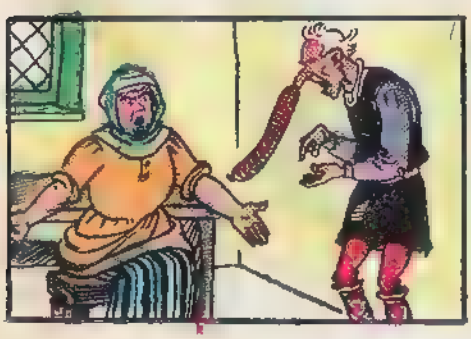
And his wife tried to cut it off but the knife had no effect save to make her husband scream with pain.

Only one wish was left and all the old couple had to show for the first two was a fine black sausage—but it was stuck fast to the husband's nose! How would they use that last wish?

The wife still thought they should wish for riches but you can easily guess what the old man thought they should wish for—and that was that the sausage would be off his poor nose. And they argued about it well into the night.

The old man finally prevailed and the good wife said, "We wish the sausage were off my husband's nose." The moment she said this it left his nose and flew to a platter on the table.

By this time they were both very, very hungry; so they wasted no time in sitting down and dividing the sausage. Not one scrap did they leave, for it was the best black sausage they had ever tasted.



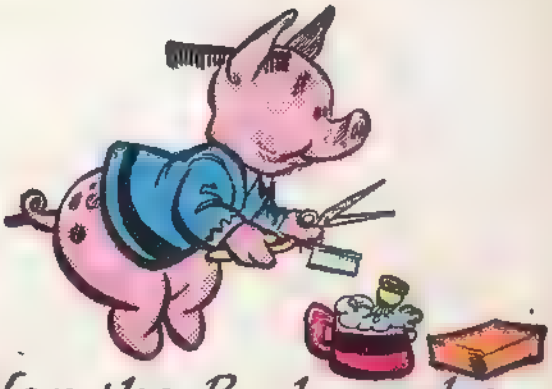
WALT KELLY'S

ANIMAL MOTHER GOOSE

COPR. 1947 BY OSKAR LEBECK

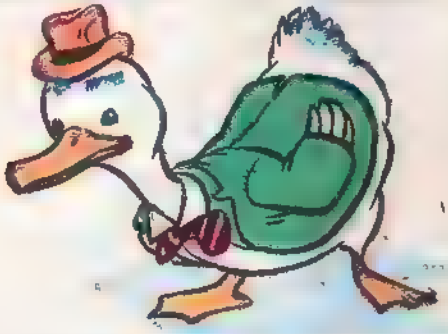
The Alphabet

A *is for Apple that we ate at the fair.*



B *for the Barber who shaved off his hair.*

C *for the Cabman who drives his tall hack.*



D *for the Duck that gives a loud quack.*

E *for an Egg, good in pudding or pies.*

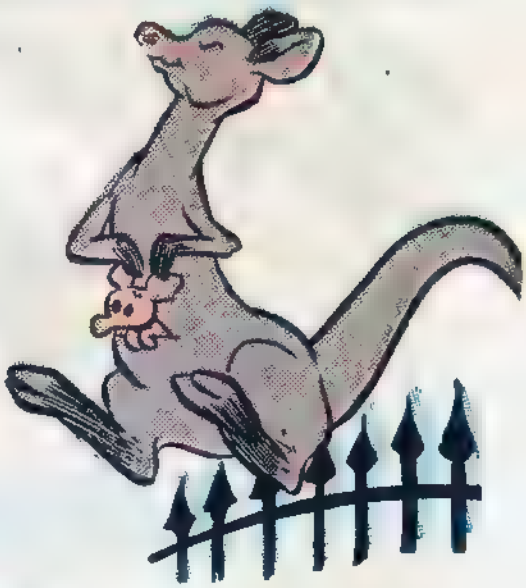
F *for the Farmer, good, honest, and wise.*

G for the Gingerbread,
baked with care.

H for the Hound,
that ran down the hare.

I for an Indian,
sooty and dark.

J for a Joke,
as old as the ark.

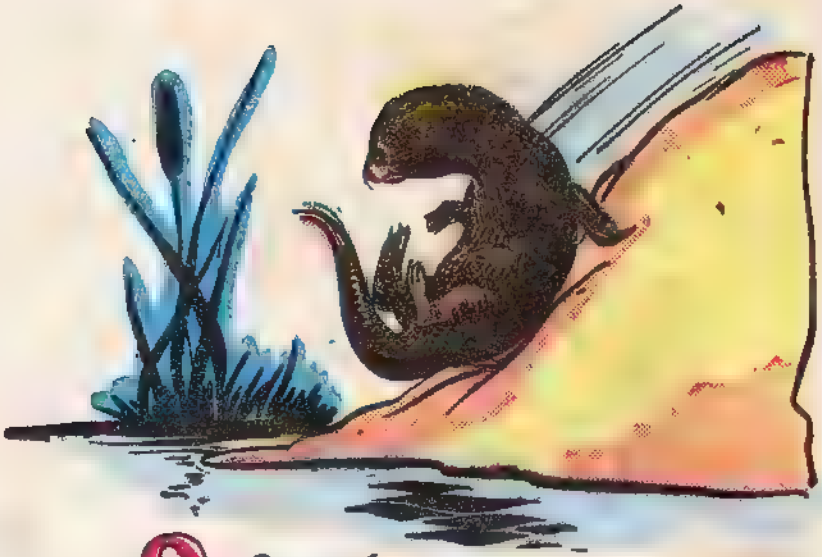


K for the Kangaroo,
kept in the park.

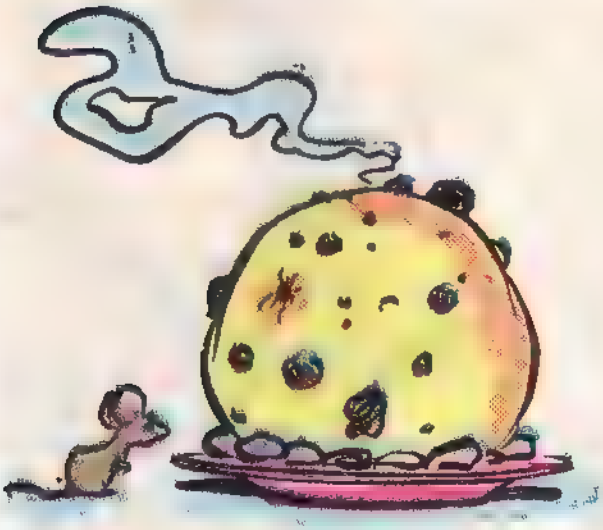
L for a Lark,
that soared in the air.

M for a Mole,
that hid from a bear.

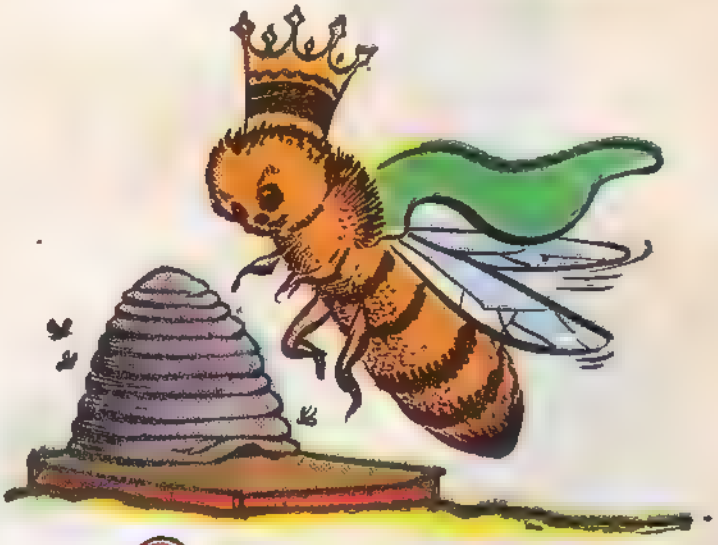
N for the Necktie,
that brother just bought.



O for the Otter,
that ne'er could be caught.



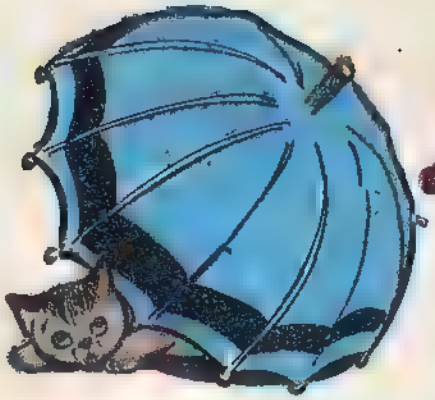
P for Pudding,
stuck full of plums.



Q for the Queen,
who merrily hums.

R for the Raven,
that croaked in the trees.

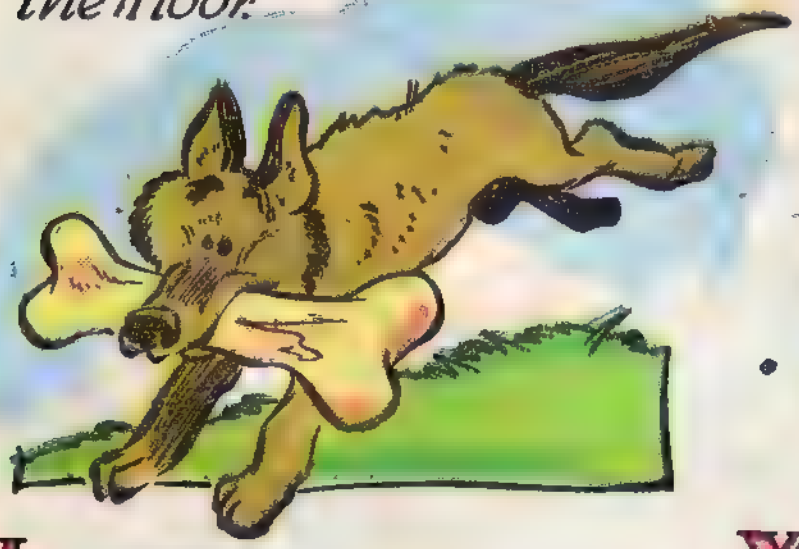
S for a Sailor,
that ploughed the deep seas.

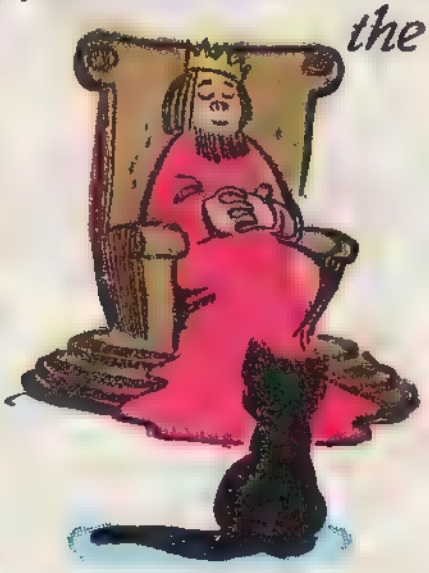


T *for a Top,*
that spins on
the floor.

U *for Umbrella,*
for days it may pour.

V *for the Violets*
that bloom by
the door.





W *for Wolf that*
ran off with the bone.

X *for King Xerxes,*
who sat on his throne.

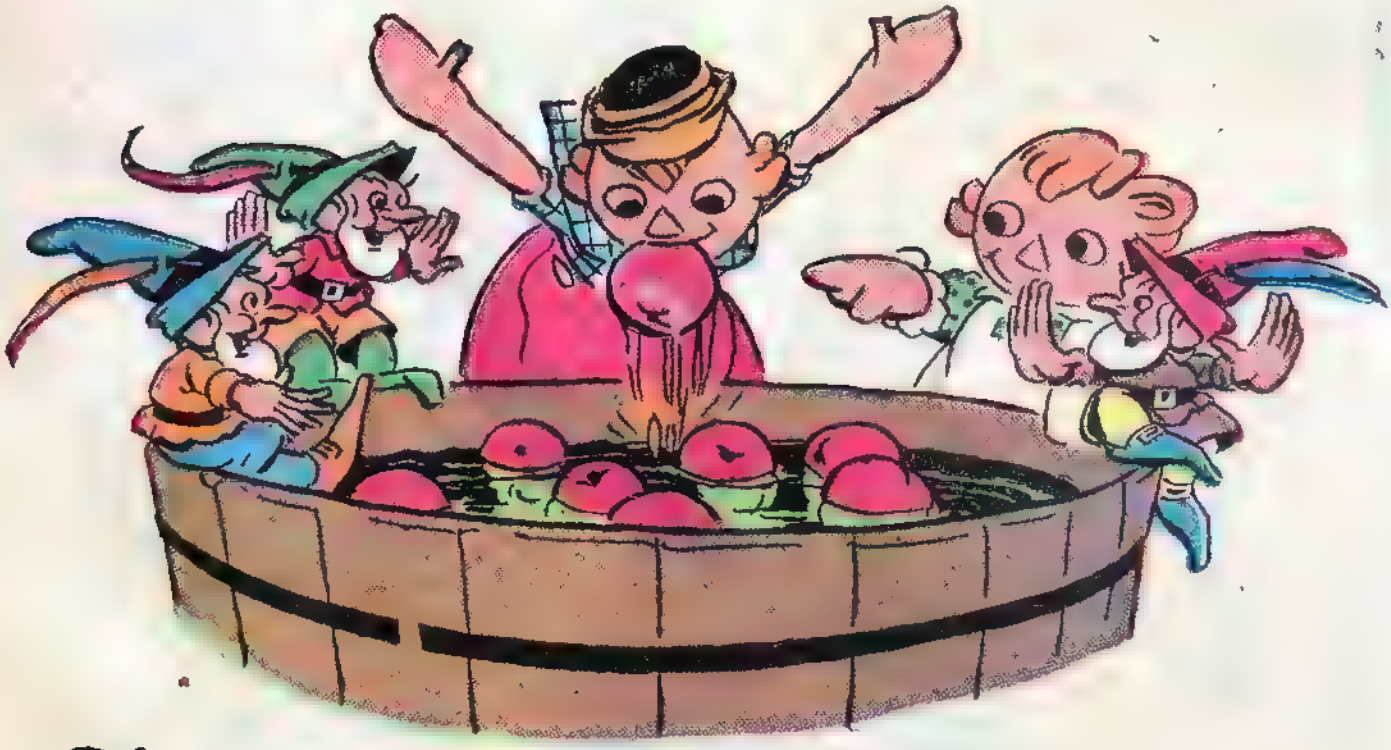
Y *for the Youth,*
who nearly was drowned.

Z *for the Zebra,*
with stripes all around.

The Raggedy Way

On Halloween night the goblins play,
While witches on broomsticks circle the moon,
Ghosts go walking in white array,
And sleek black cats come out to croon.

The Raggedys like to join in the fun,
and pretend that they're goblins, too,
But no harm must come to anyone,
So they're careful of what they do.



Their tricks are amusing.. no damage is done,
For the Raggedys like to just play,
And make Halloween merry for everyone..
For **that** is the Raggedy Way!

AHMED THE DONKEY

by Jupo

COPR. 1947 BY OSKAR LEBECK

One day he played with a stranger and lost all his fortune.

Again he lost and was led away by the stranger to serve as his slave.

He has forbidden me to enter this room. I wonder what he has hidden in there?

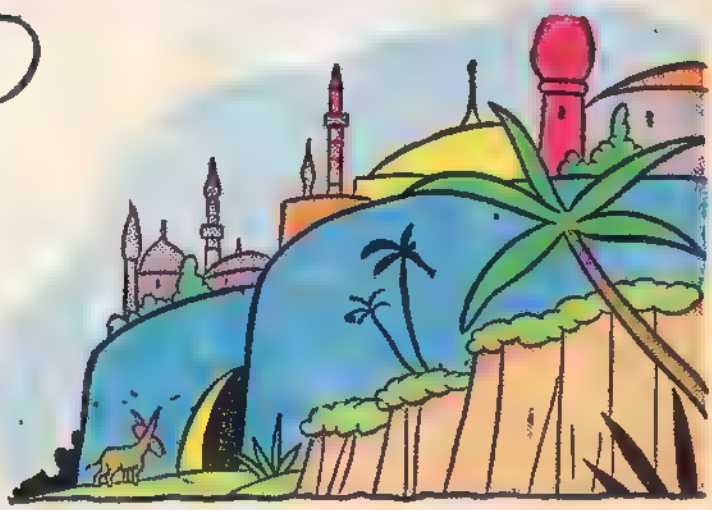
Allah, it is all my own money and my belongings. I'll take them back and run away!

But hardly had he touched his belongings when there was a terrific thunder and he was changed into a donkey

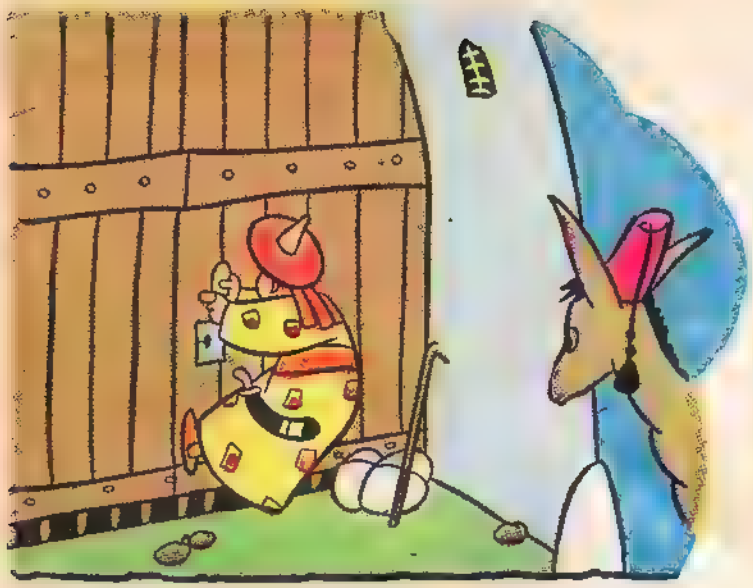
Ahmed got such a shock that he bolted and ran away as fast as he could.

Two strangers, just about to leave the town, saw him running by

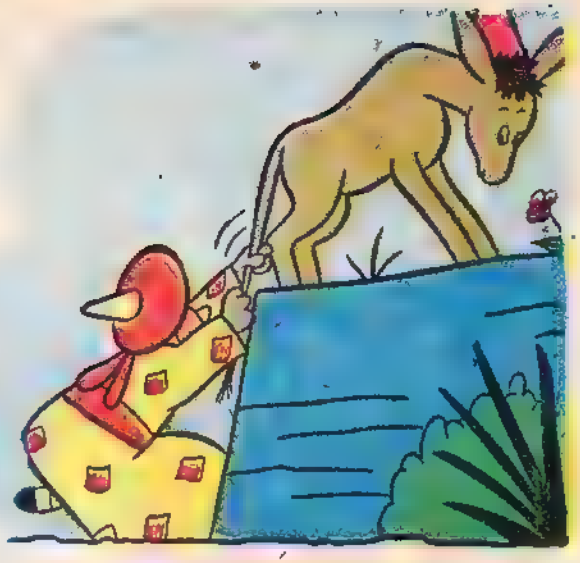
They caught him and Ahmed had to carry the two men all through the desert.



So Ahmed ran-and ran until he came to the gates of a big town



But the gates were closed and there was a man trying in vain to get in

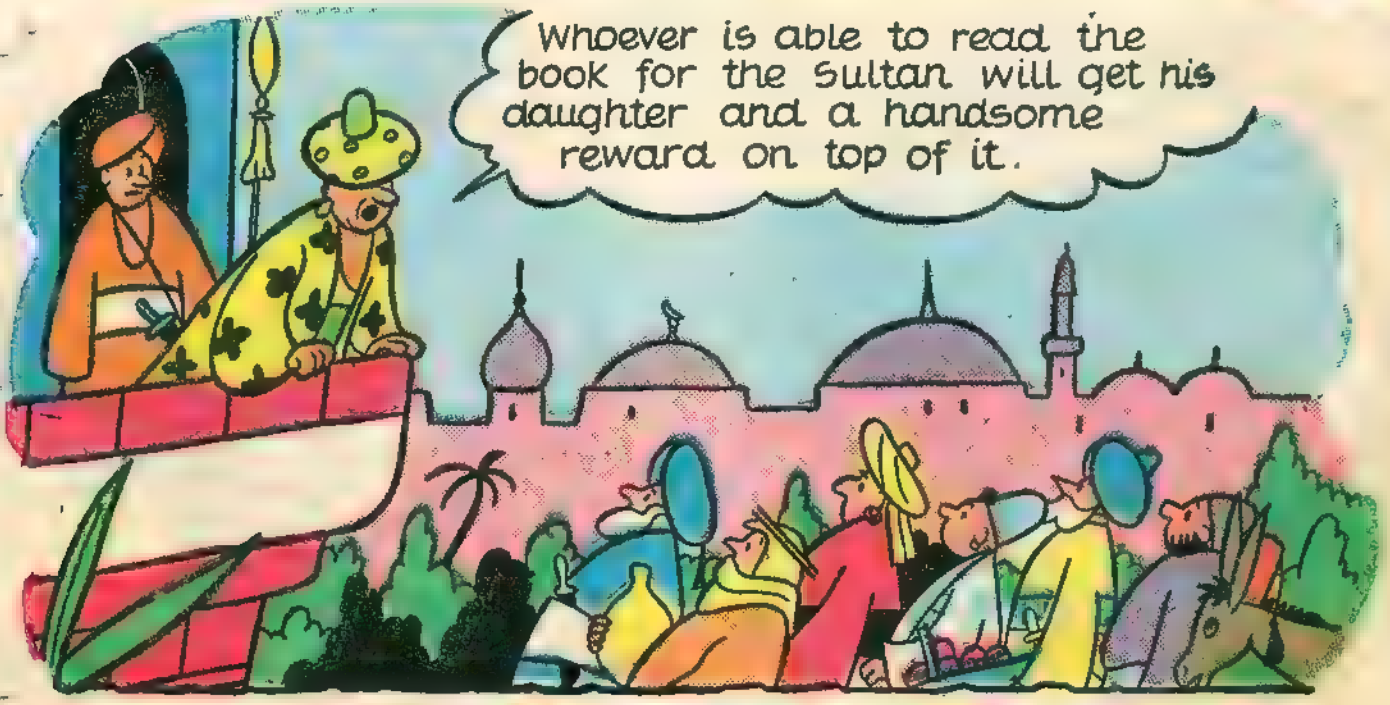


"I'll help you," said Ahmed as he jumped onto the top of the wall and let his tail down so the man could climb up.

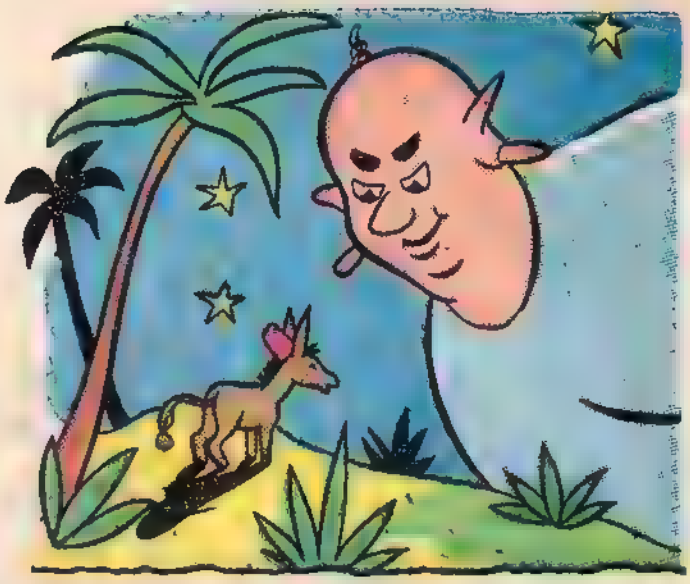
He tied a small silver bell to Ahmed's tail and disappeared.

So Ahmed stayed on earning his bread carrying water for the man who sold it to the people

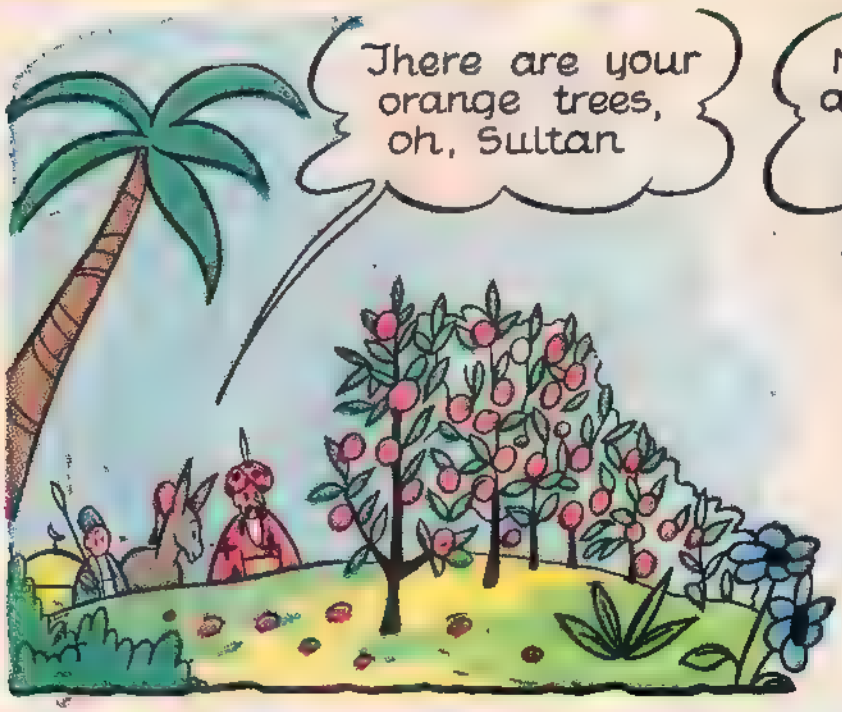
Now it happened one day that the Sultan was presented with a book written in a language he did not speak. And it happened that nobody else was able to read the book, but the Sultan was curious to know its contents

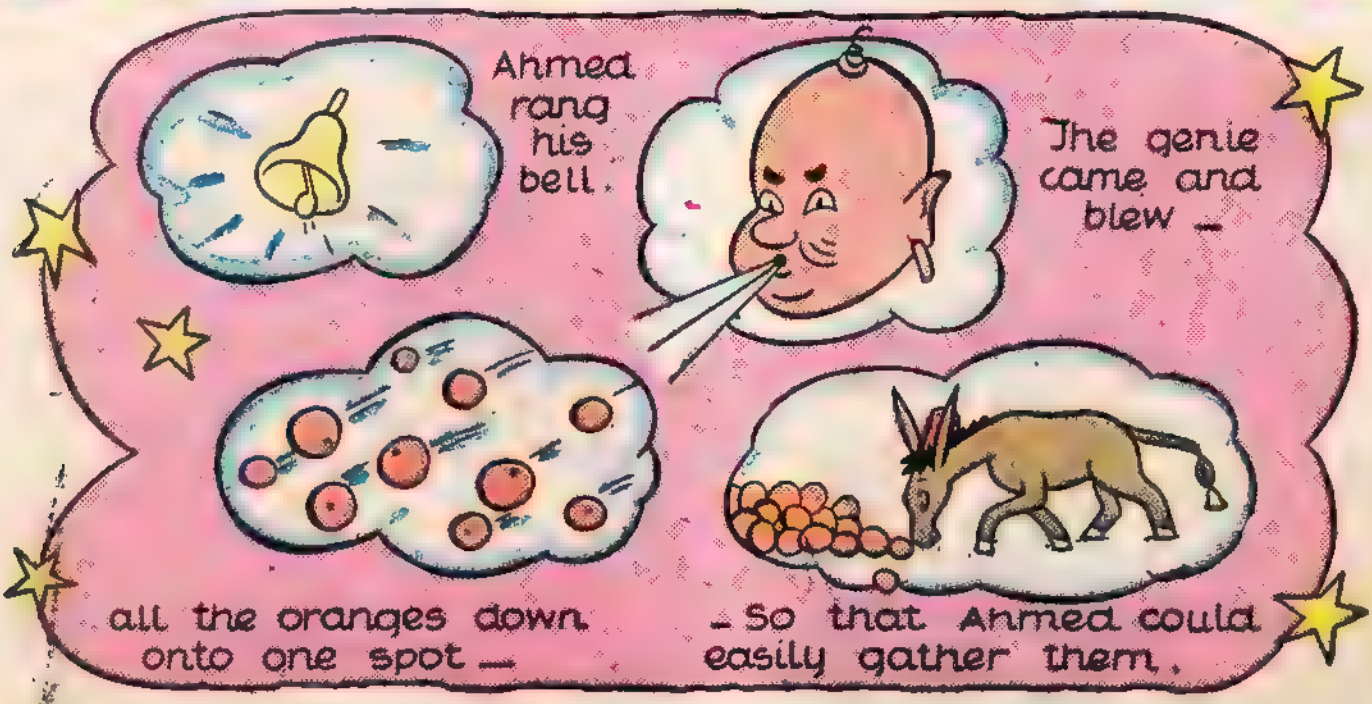


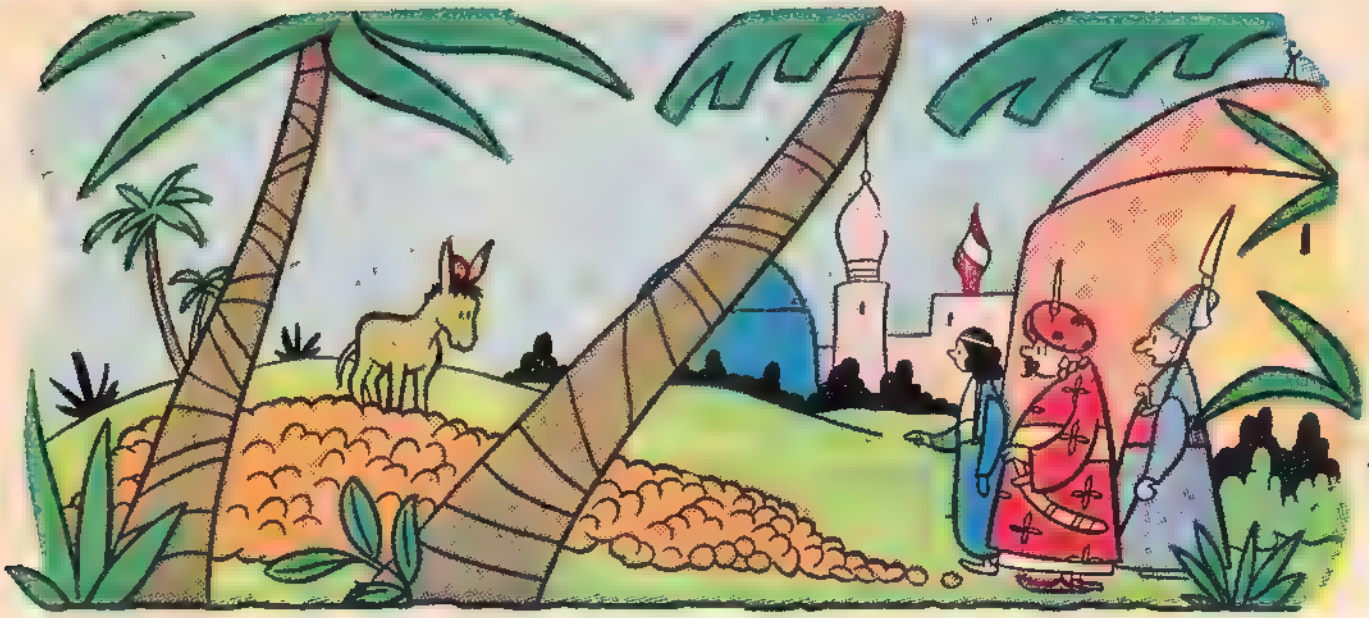
He read from the book. As he was invisible everybody thought the donkey was reading and there was great surprise.



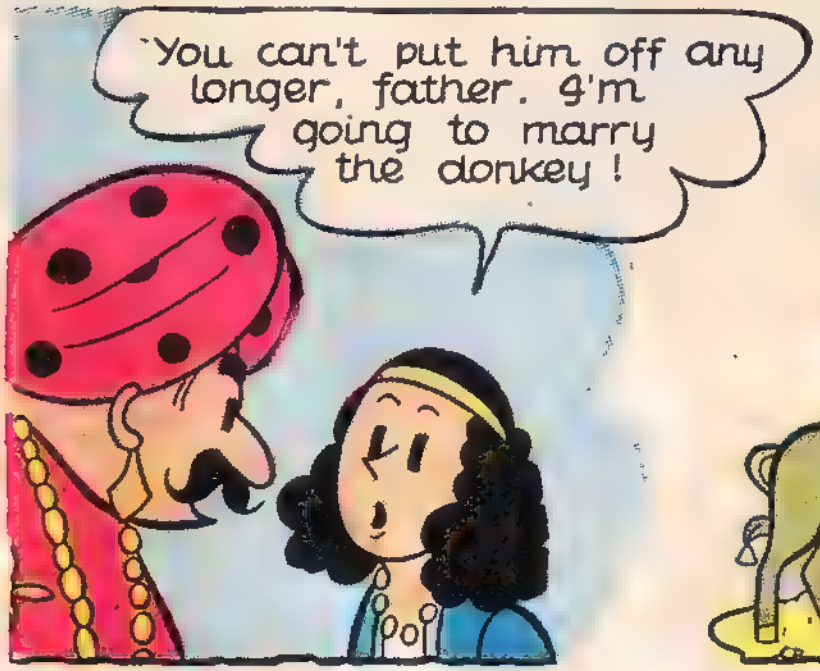
So Ahmed went, wiggled his tail and rang the bell again.







When the Sultan, much to his surprise saw all the oranges, he wanted to think of still another task



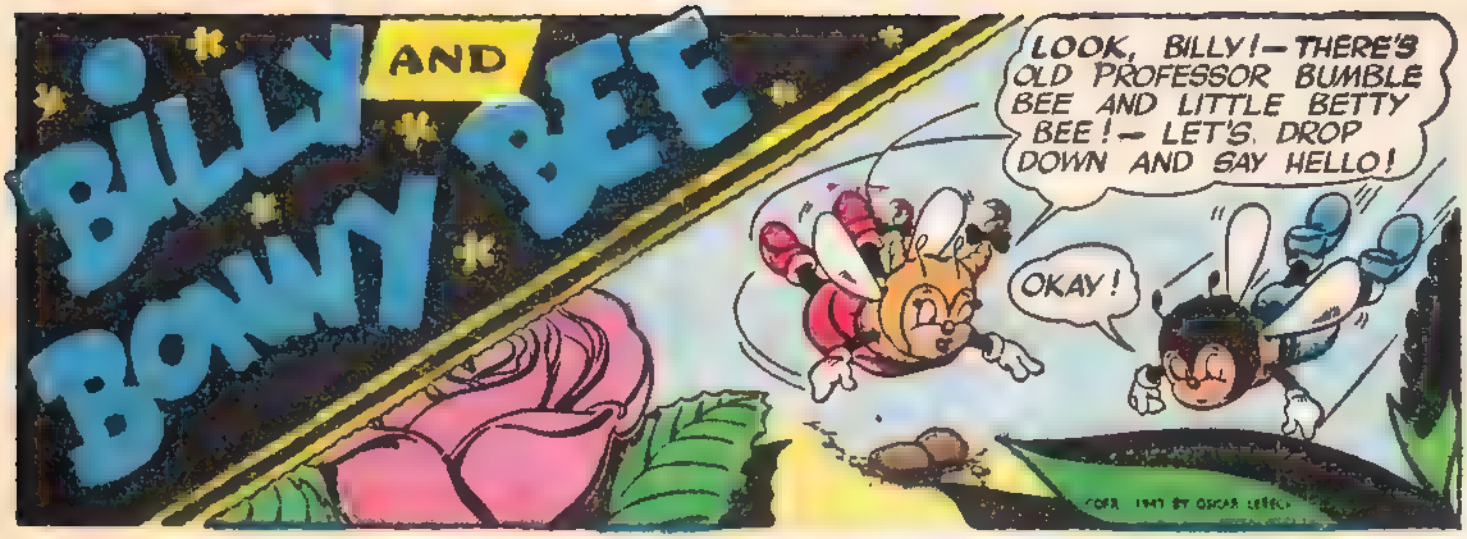
The princess was delighted. They got married and were very happy, but the bell had disappeared. Ahmed did not mind, however, as he had now all he could wish for.

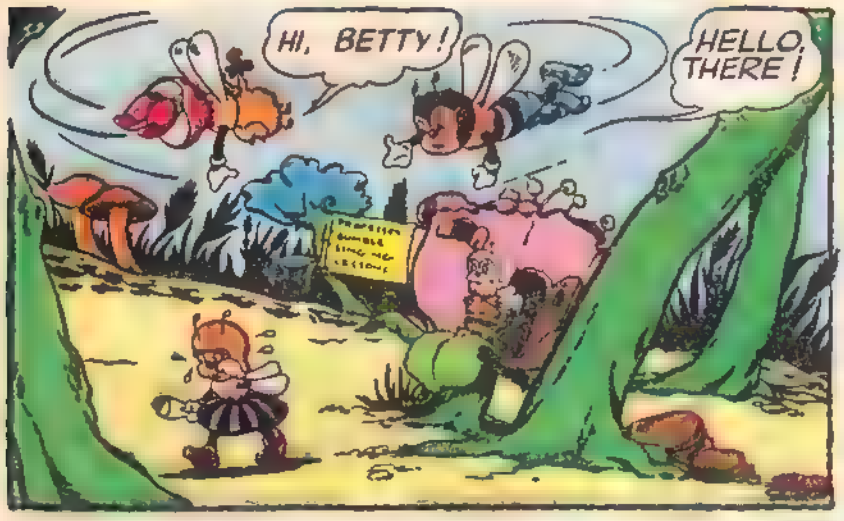
FUN FOR YOUR HALLOWEEN PARTY

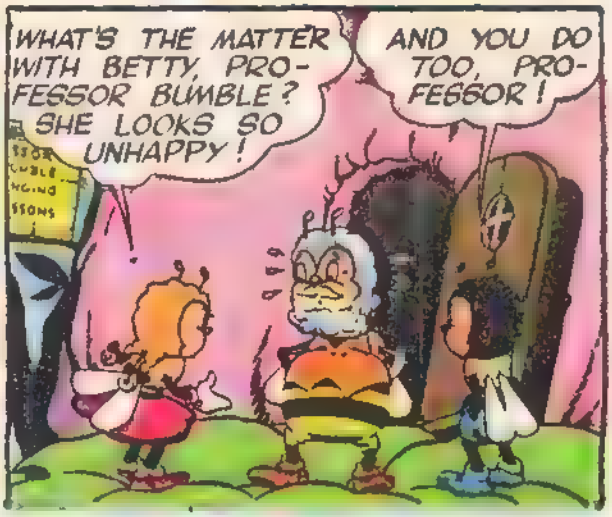
THIS IS A VERY SIMPLE CENTERPIECE FOR YOUR PARTY TABLE IF MOTHER WILL HELP WITH THE CAKE. WE USE CAKES THAT HAVE A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE, LIKE ANGEL CAKE, AND WE PLACE A TALL GLASS IN THE HOLE TO SUPPORT THE PUMPKIN HEAD.

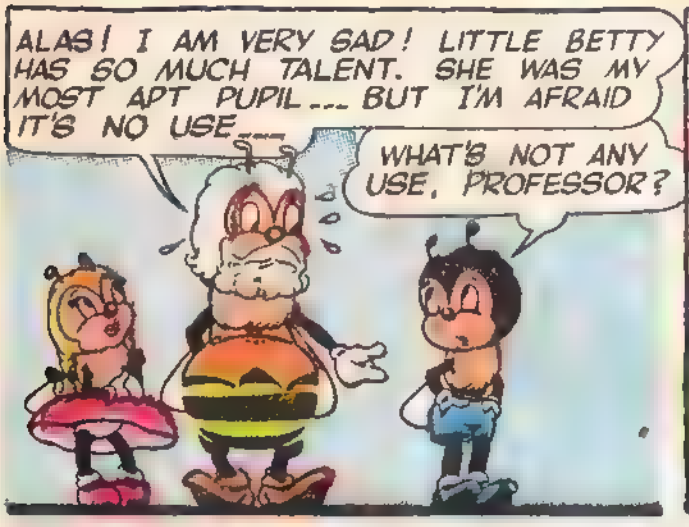
WE CUT A WITCH OUT OF BLACK PAPER OR CARDBOARD AND PASTE IT TO A BLACK STICK WHICH FITS INTO THE PUMPKIN INSTEAD OF A CANDLE.

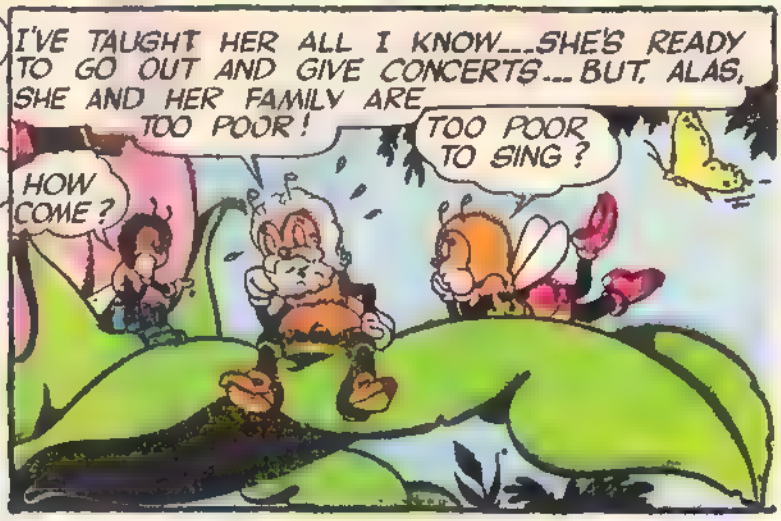
INSTEAD OF PUTTING SURPRISES IN THE PUMPKIN WE MAKE A GAME OF IT. WE WRITE CLUES OF WHERE EACH GIFT MAY BE FOUND HIDDEN. WE WRAP EACH CLUE IN RIBBON AND LET EACH CHILD HAVE A RIBBON EXTENDING FROM THE PUMPKIN TO THE CHILD'S PLACE. THEN -- ONE AT A TIME - EACH BOY OR GIRL LEAVES THE TABLE AND HUNTS FOR HIS GIFT. THE OTHERS CAN SING "YOU'RE GETTING HOT!" OR "YOU'RE GETTING COLD!" THE CHILD WHO FINDS HIS GIFT IN THE SHORTEST TIME CAN GET AN EXTRA GIFT -- OR SELECT THE GAMES FOR THE PARTY -- OR THINK UP FORFEITS FOR THE OTHERS.

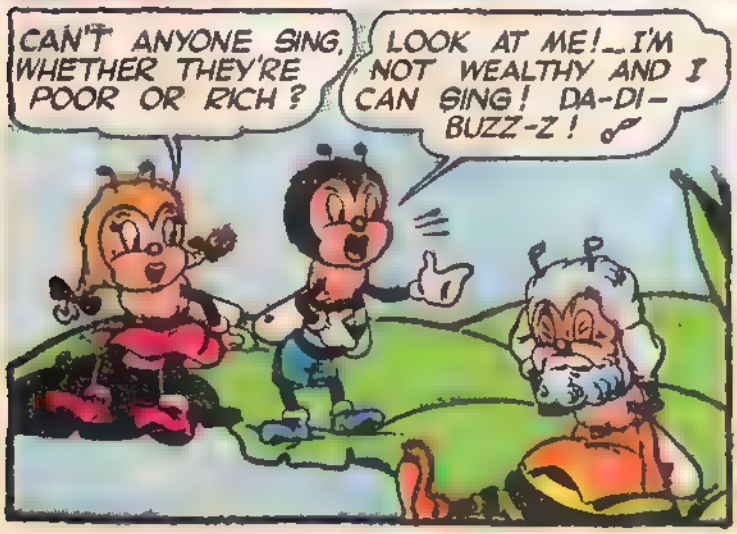

BILLY AND BOWY BEE
LOOK, BILLY! — THERE'S OLD PROFESSOR BUMBLE BEE AND LITTLE BETTY BEE! — LET'S DROP DOWN AND SAY HELLO!
OKAY!

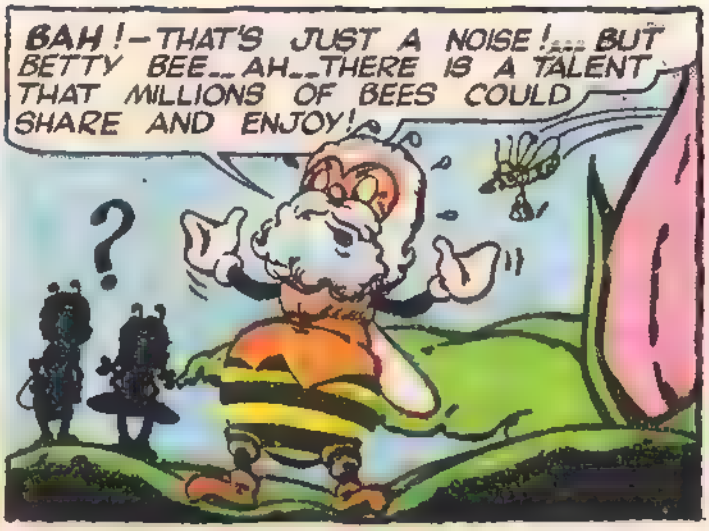

HI, BETTY!
HELLO, THERE!

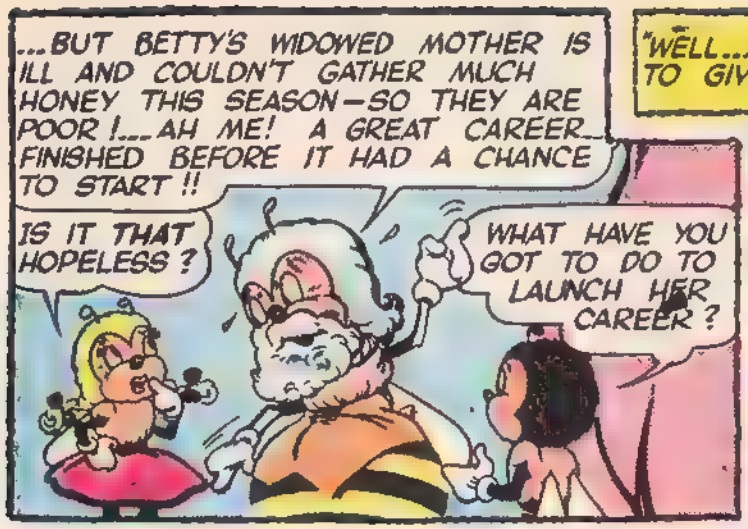

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BETTY, PROFESSOR BUMBLE? SHE LOOKS SO UNHAPPY!
AND YOU DO TOO, PROFESSOR!


ALAS! I AM VERY SAD! LITTLE BETTY HAS SO MUCH TALENT. SHE WAS MY MOST APT PUPIL... BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NO USE...
WHAT'S NOT ANY USE, PROFESSOR?

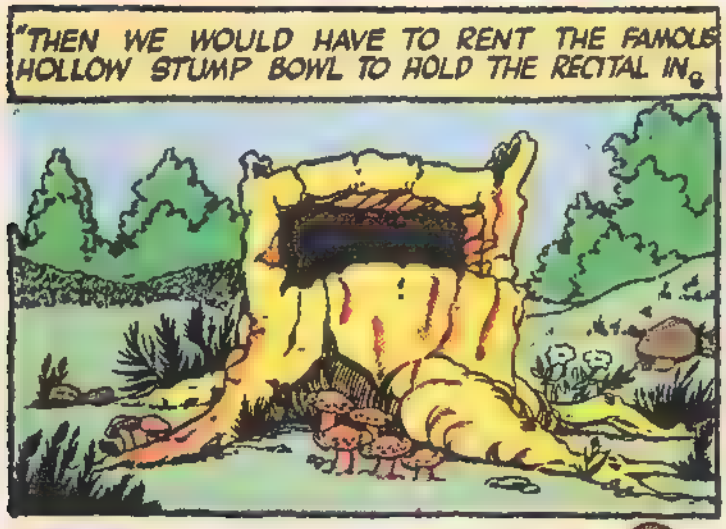

I'VE TAUGHT HER ALL I KNOW... SHE'S READY TO GO OUT AND GIVE CONCERTS... BUT, ALAS, SHE AND HER FAMILY ARE TOO POOR!
TOO POOR TO SING?
HOW COME?


CAN'T ANYONE SING, WHETHER THEY'RE POOR OR RICH?
LOOK AT ME!... I'M NOT WEALTHY AND I CAN SING! DA-DI-BUZZ-Z!

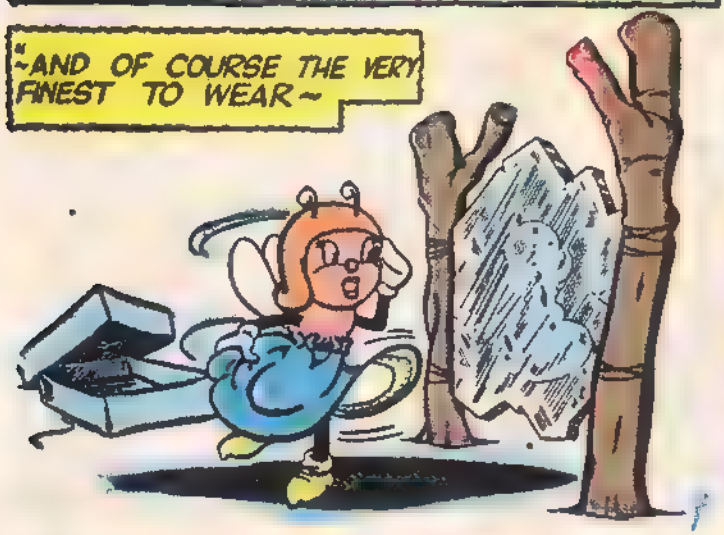

BAH! — THAT'S JUST A NOISE!... BUT BETTY BEE... AH... THERE IS A TALENT THAT MILLIONS OF BEES COULD SHARE AND ENJOY!
?

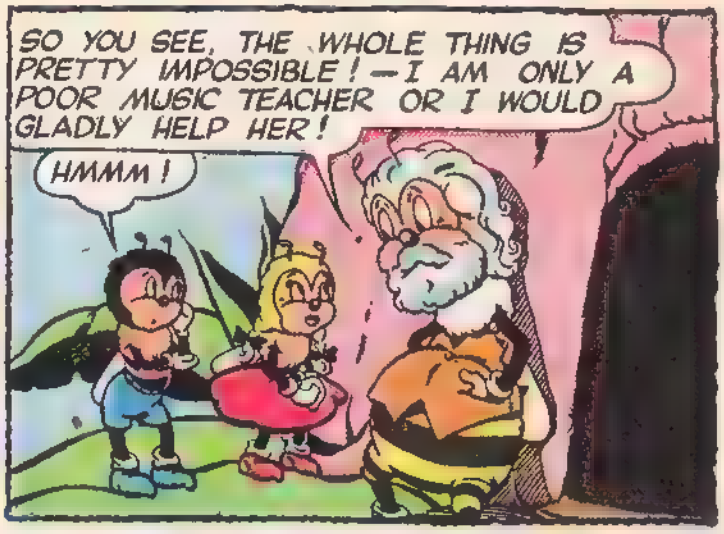

...BUT BETTY'S WIDOWED MOTHER IS ILL AND COULDN'T GATHER MUCH HONEY THIS SEASON—SO THEY ARE POOR!...AH ME! A GREAT CAREER FINISHED BEFORE IT HAD A CHANCE TO START!!
IS IT THAT HOPELESS?
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO TO LAUNCH HER CAREER?

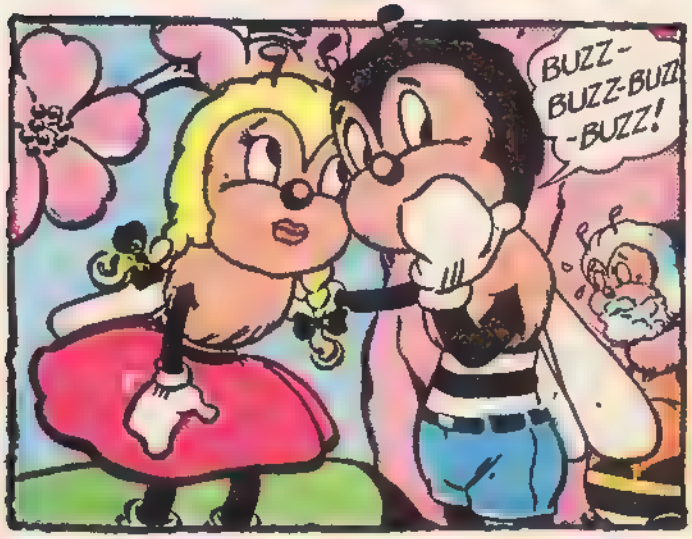
"WELL...YOU MUST HIRE THE GREAT BEE SYMPHONY, TO GIVE HER THE PROPER BACKGROUND ....

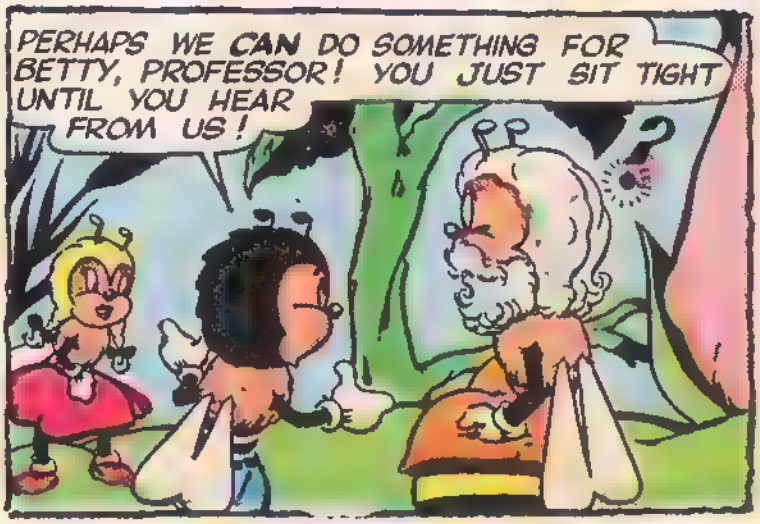

"THEN WE WOULD HAVE TO RENT THE FAMOUS HOLLOW STUMP BOWL TO HOLD THE RECITAL IN.

...AND A GOOD PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN....
PRESENTING
HOLLOW STUMP BOWL
RECITAL
BETTY BEE
ADMISSION

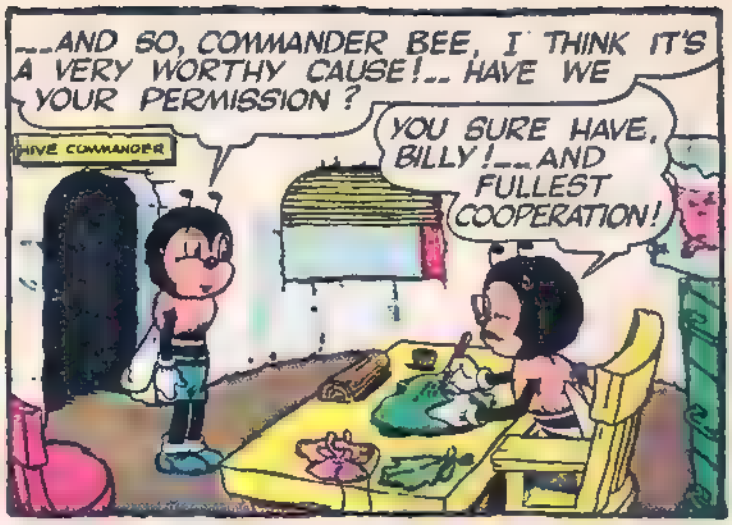

"~AND OF COURSE THE VERY FINEST TO WEAR~

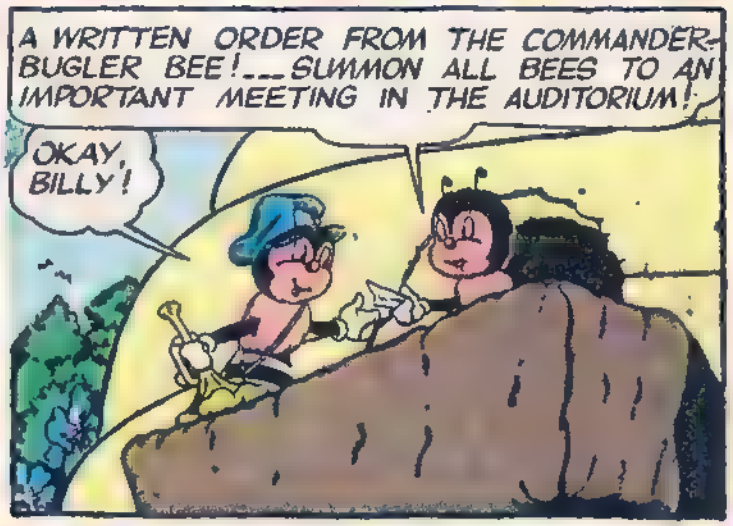

SO YOU SEE, THE WHOLE THING IS PRETTY IMPOSSIBLE!—I AM ONLY A POOR MUSIC TEACHER OR I WOULD GLADLY HELP HER!
HMMM!

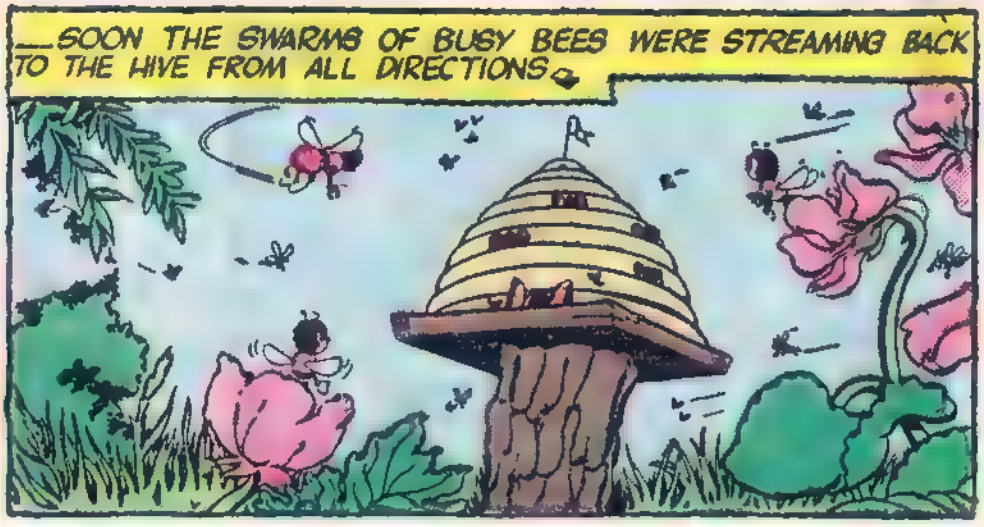

BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ!

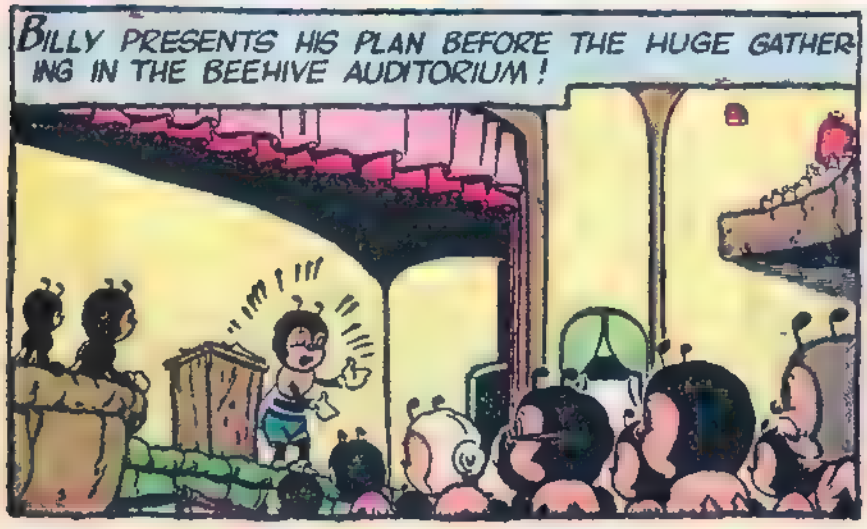

PERHAPS WE CAN DO SOMETHING FOR BETTY, PROFESSOR! YOU JUST SIT TIGHT UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US!
?

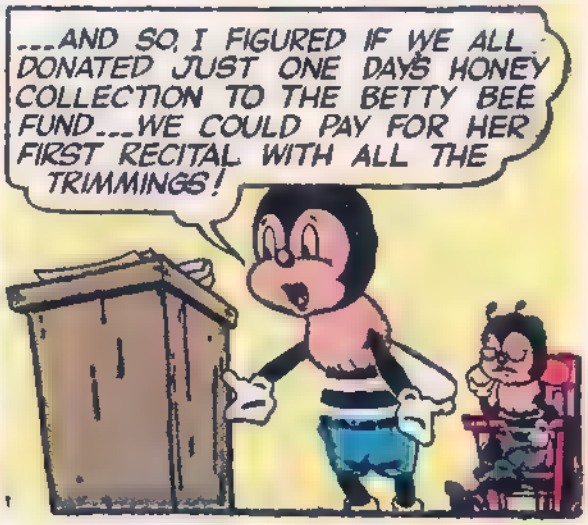
I THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA, BILLY—IF ALL THE BEES WILL PITCH IN!
DON'T WORRY—THEY WILL!

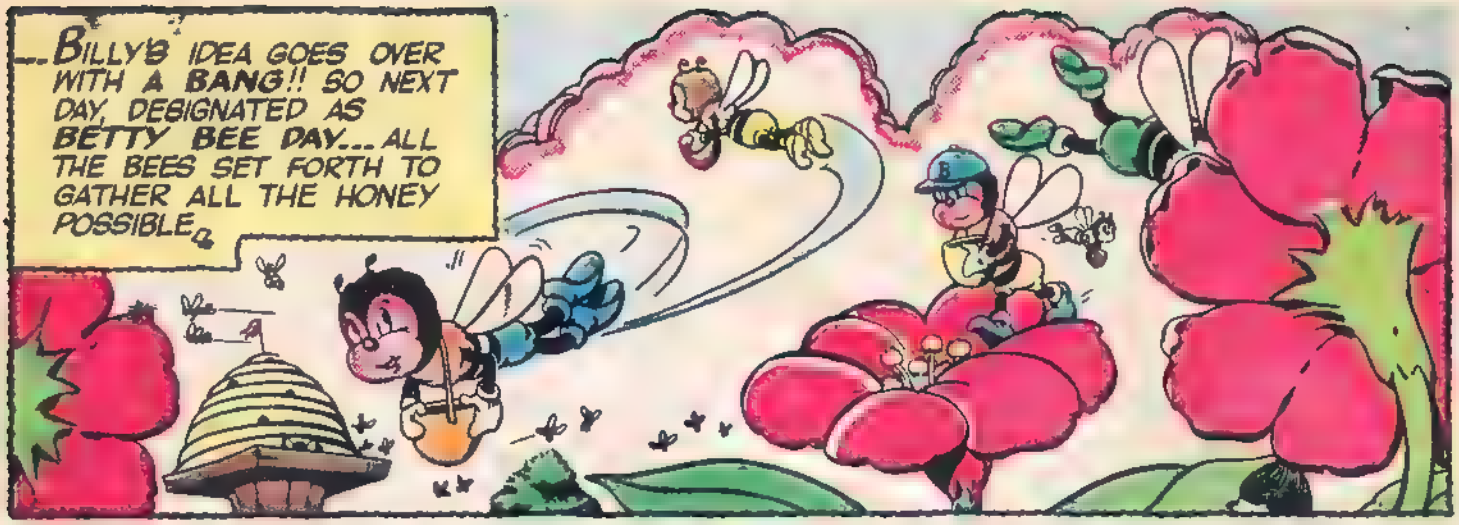

...AND SO, COMMANDER BEE, I THINK IT'S A VERY WORTHY CAUSE!... HAVE WE YOUR PERMISSION?
HIVE COMMANDER
YOU SURE HAVE, BILLY!...AND FULLEST COOPERATION!

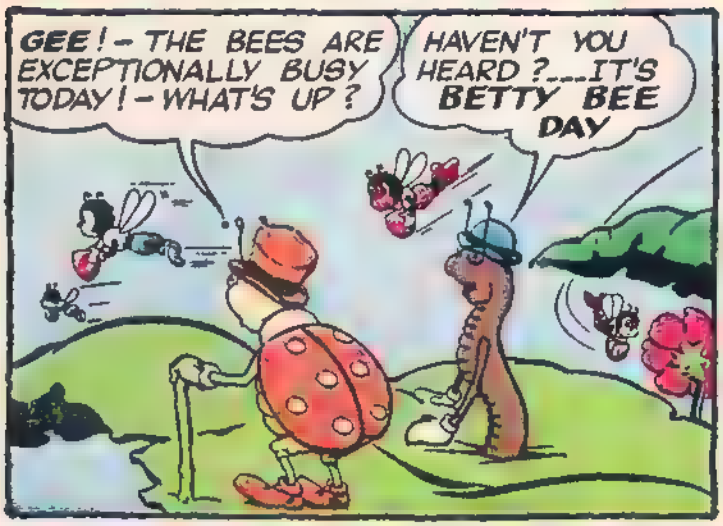

A WRITTEN ORDER FROM THE COMMANDER-BUGLER BEE!...SUMMON ALL BEES TO AN IMPORTANT MEETING IN THE AUDITORIUM!
OKAY, BILLY!

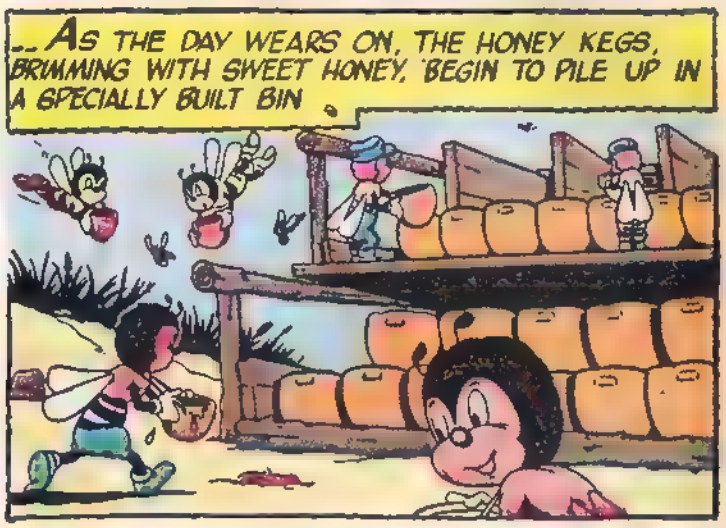

...SOON THE SWARMS OF BUSY BEES WERE STREAMING BACK TO THE HIVE FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

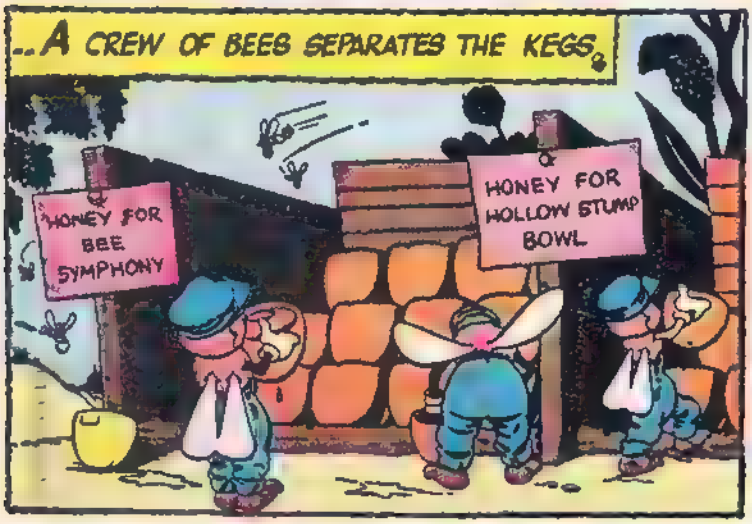

BILLY PRESENTS HIS PLAN BEFORE THE HUGE GATHERING IN THE BEEHIVE AUDITORIUM!

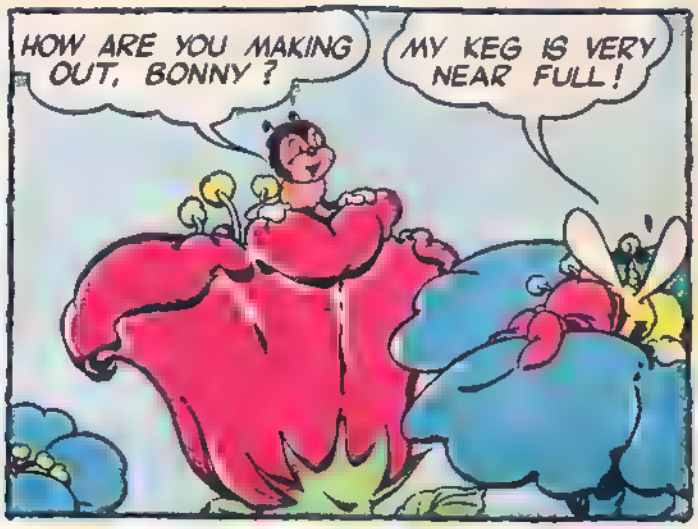

...AND SO, I FIGURED IF WE ALL DONATED JUST ONE DAY'S HONEY COLLECTION TO THE BETTY BEE FUND...WE COULD PAY FOR HER FIRST RECITAL WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS!

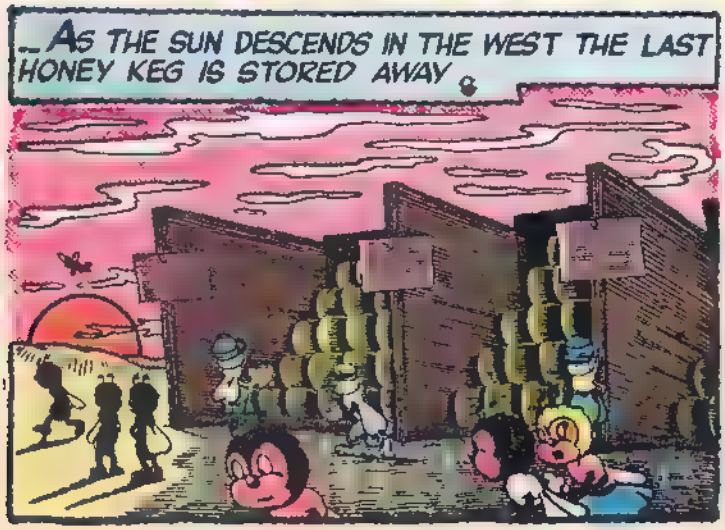

...BILLY'S IDEA GOES OVER WITH A BANG!! SO NEXT DAY, DESIGNATED AS BETTY BEE DAY... ALL THE BEES SET FORTH TO GATHER ALL THE HONEY POSSIBLE.

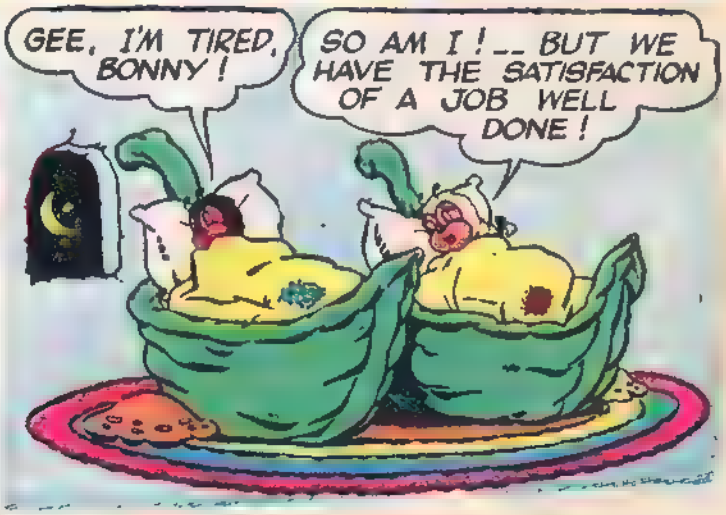

GEE! - THE BEES ARE EXCEPTIONALLY BUSY TODAY! - WHAT'S UP?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?...IT'S BETTY BEE DAY

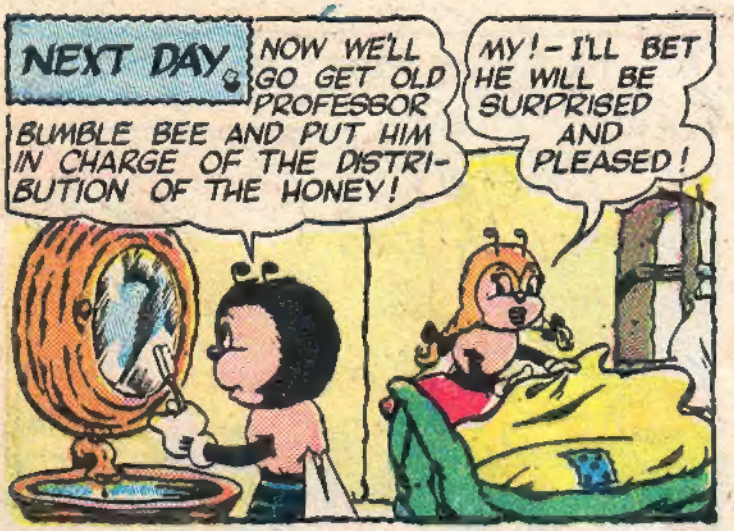

...AS THE DAY WEARS ON, THE HONEY KEGS, BRIMMING WITH SWEET HONEY, BEGIN TO PILE UP IN A SPECIALLY BUILT BIN.

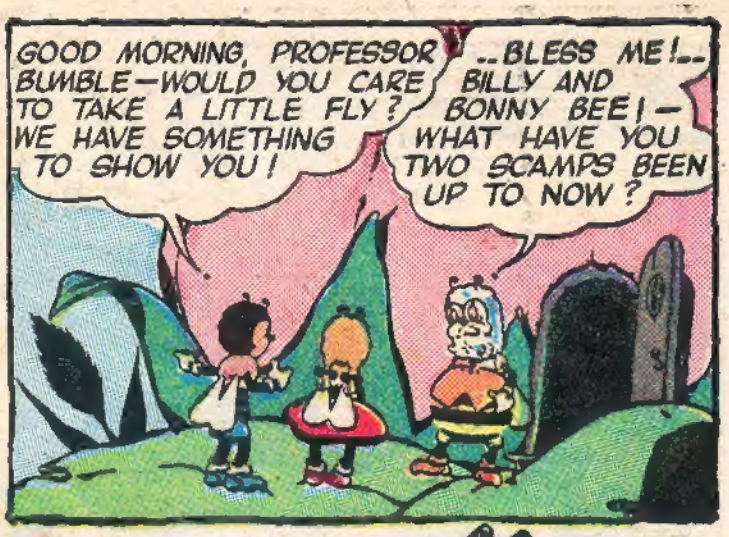

...A CREW OF BEES SEPARATES THE KEGS.
HONEY FOR BEE SYMPHONY
HONEY FOR HOLLOW STUMP BOWL

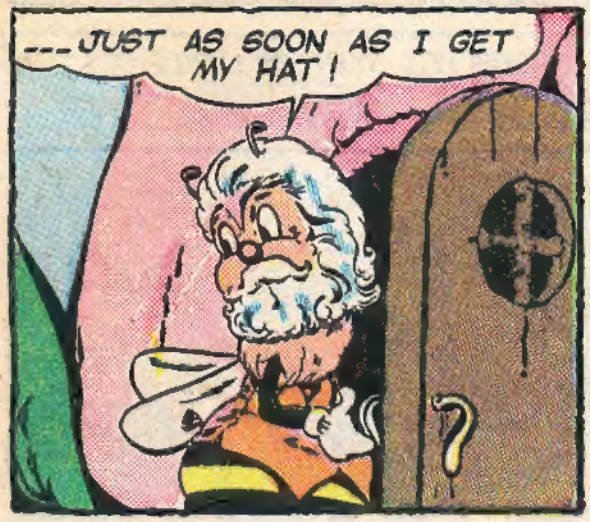

HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT, BONNY?
MY KEG IS VERY NEAR FULL!

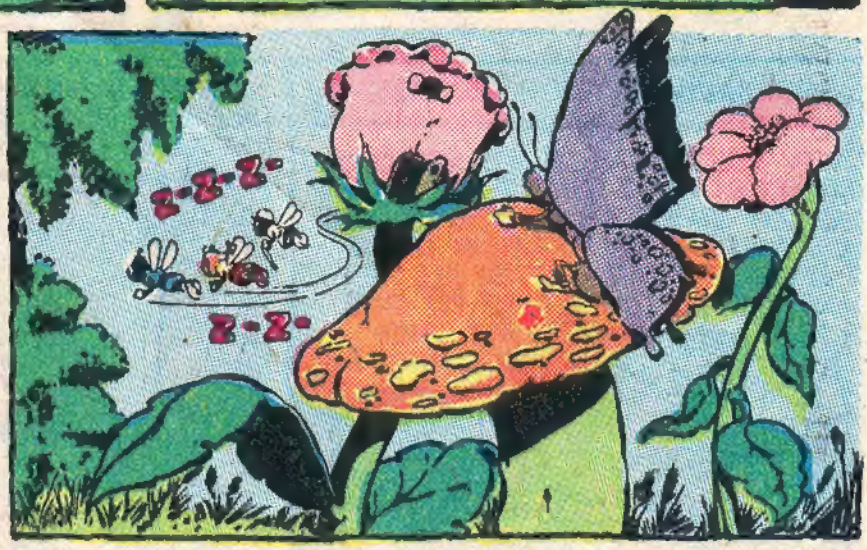

...AS THE SUN DESCENDS IN THE WEST THE LAST HONEY KEG IS STORED AWAY.

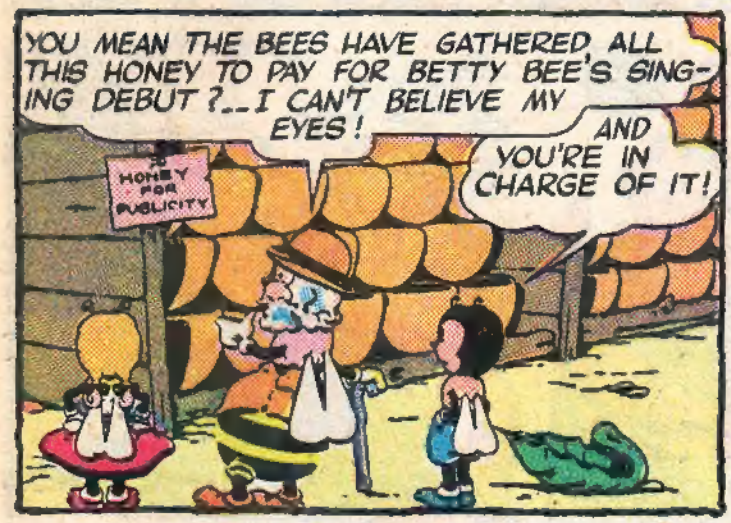

GEE, I'M TIRED, BONNY!
SO AM I!... BUT WE HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF A JOB WELL DONE!

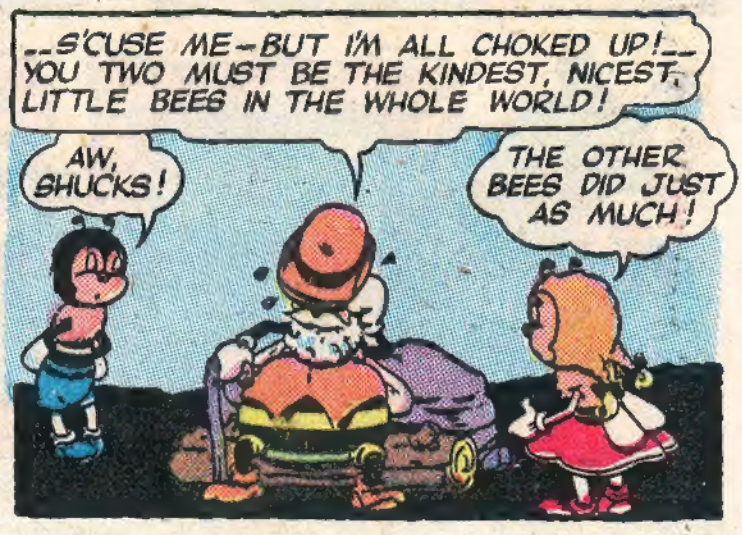

NEXT DAY.
NOW WE'LL GO GET OLD PROFESSOR BUMBLE BEE AND PUT HIM IN CHARGE OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE HONEY!
MY! - I'LL BET HE WILL BE SURPRISED AND PLEASED!


GOOD MORNING, PROFESSOR BUMBLE—WOULD YOU CARE TO TAKE A LITTLE FLY? WE HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
..BLESS ME!.. BILLY AND BONNY BEE! — WHAT HAVE YOU TWO SCAMPS BEEN UP TO NOW?

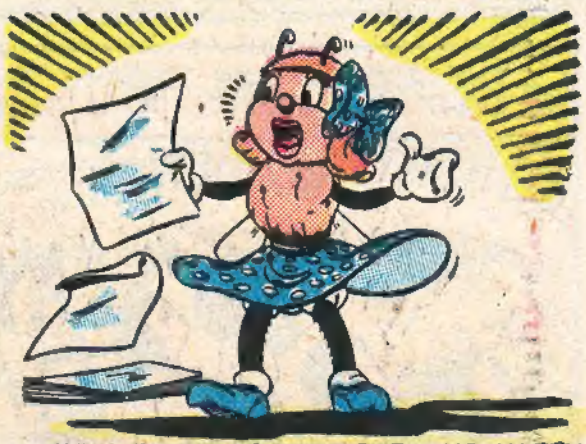

---JUST AS SOON AS I GET MY HAT!

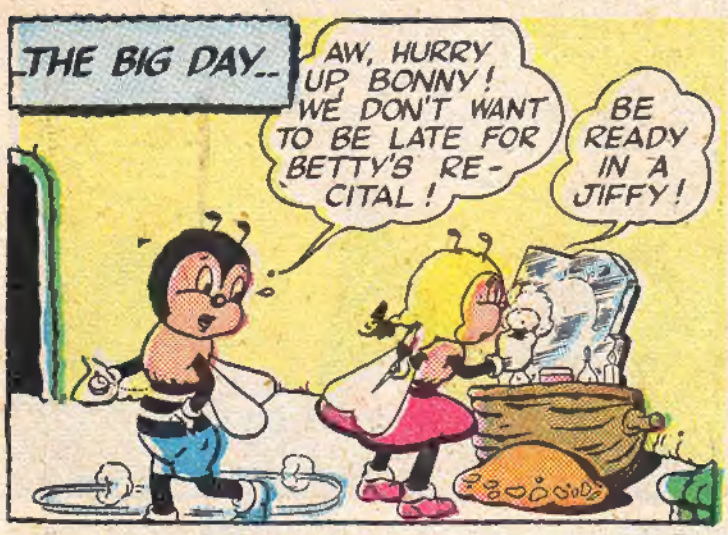


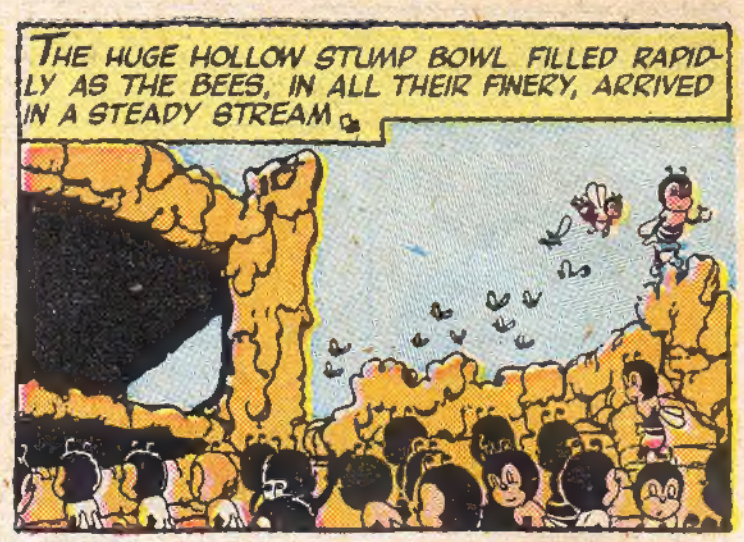

YOU MEAN THE BEES HAVE GATHERED ALL THIS HONEY TO PAY FOR BETTY BEE'S SINGING DEBUT?..I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
AND YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF IT!
HONEY FOR PUBLICITY

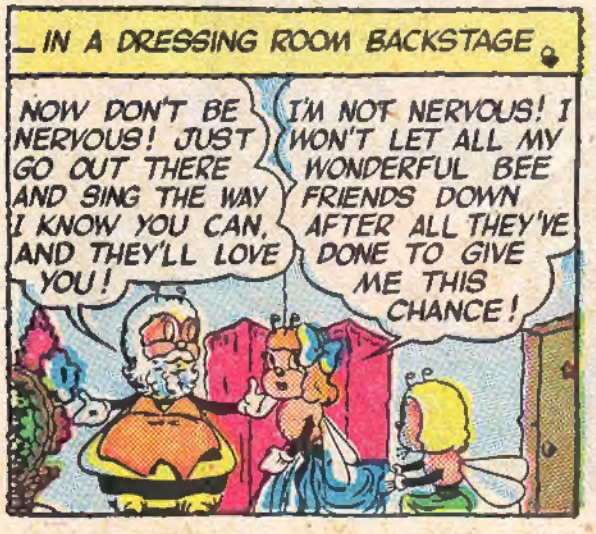

..S'CUSE ME—BUT I'M ALL CHOKED UP!.. YOU TWO MUST BE THE KINDEST, NICEST, LITTLE BEES IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
AW, SHUCKS!
THE OTHER BEES DID JUST AS MUCH!

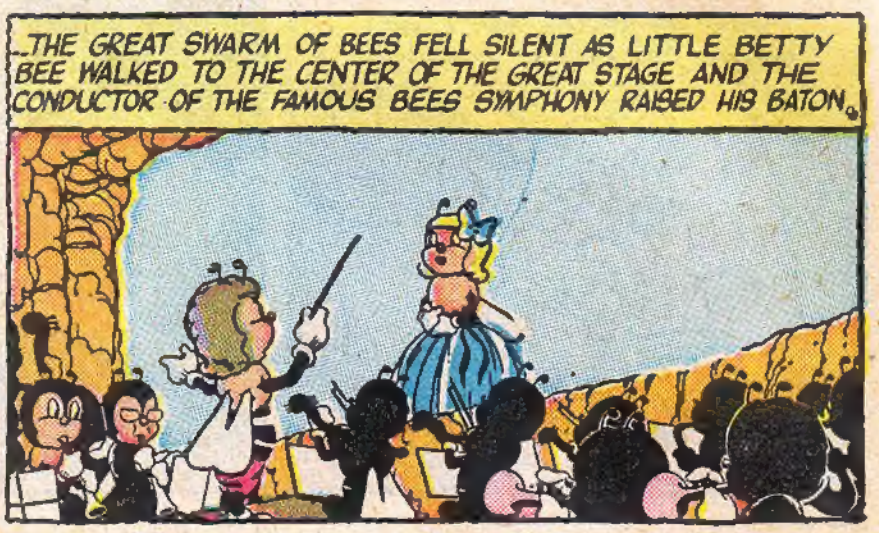
OLD PROFESSOR BUMBLE BEE WAS IN HIS GLORY, ARRANGING ALL THE DETAILS FOR THE BIG EVENT.

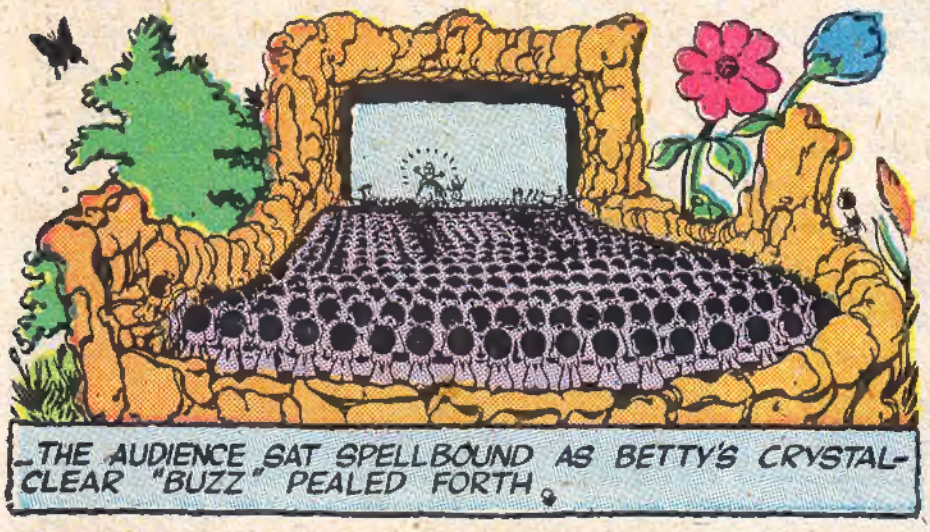

..WHILE THE SURPRISED AND HAPPY BETTY PRACTISED DILIGENTLY!!

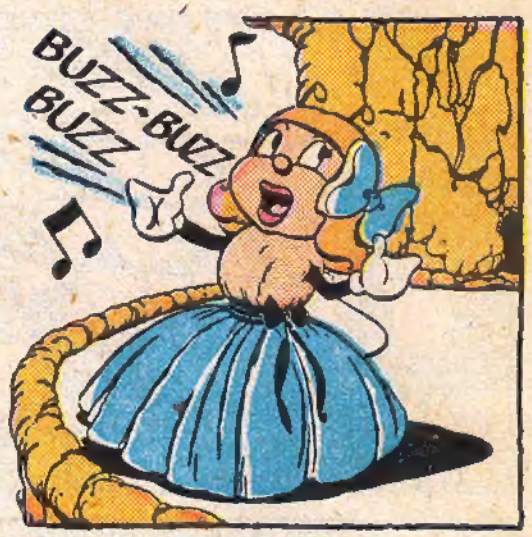

THE BIG DAY..
AW, HURRY UP BONNY! WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR BETTY'S RE-CITAL!
BE READY IN A JIFFY!

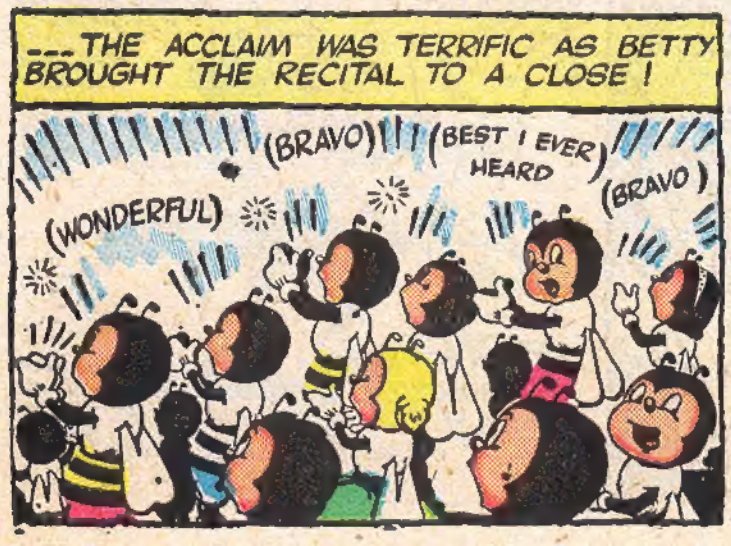

THE HUGE HOLLOW STUMP BOWL FILLED RAPIDLY AS THE BEES, IN ALL THEIR FINERY, ARRIVED IN A STEADY STREAM.

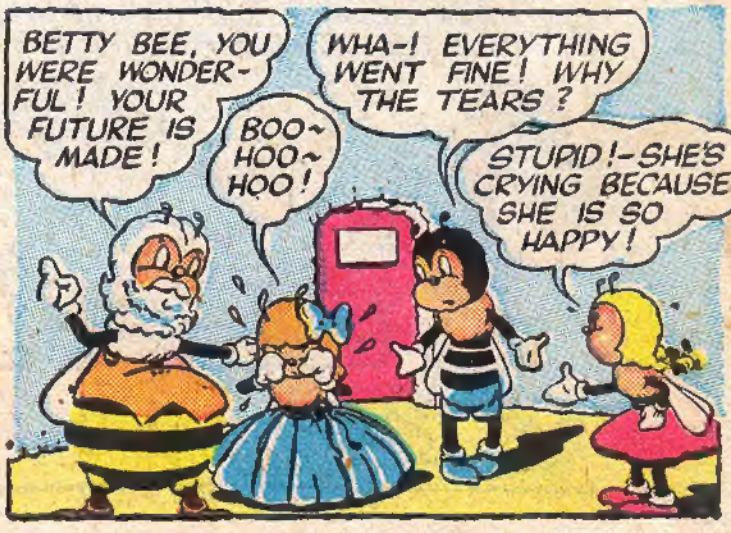

..IN A DRESSING ROOM BACKSTAGE.
NOW DON'T BE NERVOUS! JUST GO OUT THERE AND SING THE WAY I KNOW YOU CAN, AND THEY'LL LOVE YOU!
I'M NOT NERVOUS! I WON'T LET ALL MY WONDERFUL BEE FRIENDS DOWN AFTER ALL THEY'VE DONE TO GIVE ME THIS CHANCE!

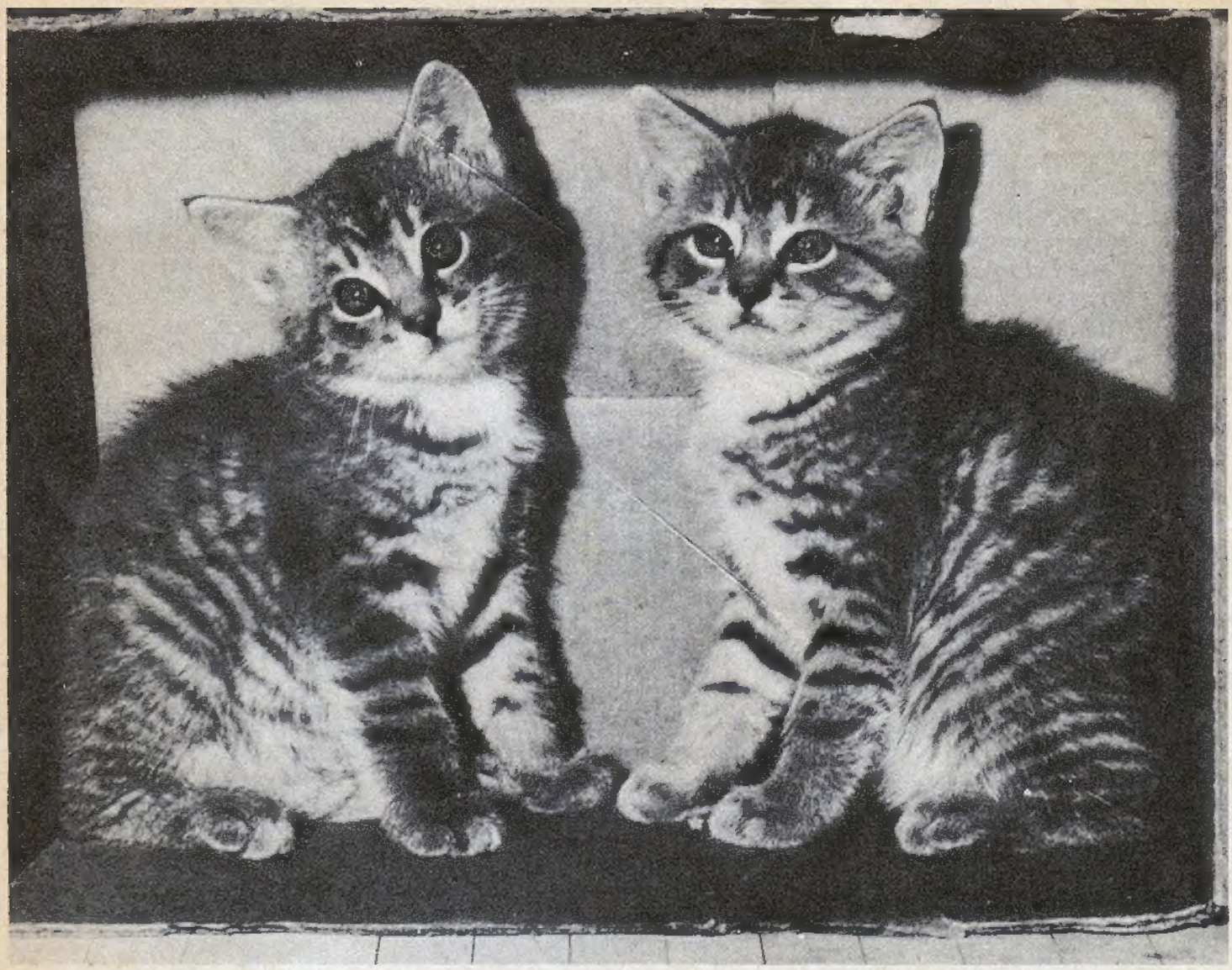

..THE GREAT SWARM OF BEES FELL SILENT AS LITTLE BETTY BEE WALKED TO THE CENTER OF THE GREAT STAGE AND THE CONDUCTOR OF THE FAMOUS BEES SYMPHONY RAISED HIS BATON.


..THE AUDIENCE SAT SPELLBOUND AS BETTY'S CRYSTAL-CLEAR "BUZZ" PEALED FORTH.


BUZZ-BUZZ BUZZ


---THE ACCLAIM WAS TERRIFIC AS BETTY BROUGHT THE RECITAL TO A CLOSE!
(BRAVO)!!!
(BEST I EVER HEARD)
(BRAVO)
(WONDERFUL)


BETTY BEE, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOUR FUTURE IS MADE!
BOO-HOO-HOO!
WHA-! EVERYTHING WENT FINE! WHY THE TEARS?
STUPID!-SHE'S CRYING BECAUSE SHE IS SO HAPPY!



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are brother and sister.
One day one ran away
and the other one missed her.
He started looking everyplace,
all over and around.
Until in a brown cardboard box
his sister he found.

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